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LORD STANLEY ON FOREIGN POLITICS.

LORD STANLEY has all the advantages and all the disadvantages of being a very sensible man. He has the disadvantages, for, labouring under physical infirmities which make it painful to hear him, and being destitute of those gifts of manner which conciliate strangers, and having industry and an interest in dry subjects beyond the probabilities of his age and rank, he does not captivate any audience, and has left on many hasty critics the impression that he is a mere prig. But his solid sense preserves him from contempt, and his social position gives him dignity and importance. It is not a slight thing that any statesman of the younger generation should show himself able to discuss a great variety of such subjects as the foreign policy of England suggests, and to discuss them all with moderation, acuteness, and judgment. The reward of those who write on foreign politics carefully and without passion is to influence such men as Lord STANLEY—not, at first sight, a very brilliant reward, but one the lustre of which increases when it is remembered that a thoroughly sensible young statesman of Lord STANLEY's standing and position is one of the best possible representatives of that solid, calm, and deliberate judgment on great questions which, in the long run, guides the political conduct of England. We can take no exception to Lord STANLEY's views, for they appear to us to be exactly those which the higher portion of the English press has long been advocating, and they are expressed with the vigour and confidence of a man who has made them his own, who can speculate on the conclusions to which they lead, and who would be prepared to act on them. It is not, indeed, impossible that Lord STANLEY may be destined to relieve his party from a great embarrassment, and the nation from a loss which now presses on it. Both the nation and the Conservative party suffer from the impossibility of the Conservatives taking office with credit, and this impossibility mainly arises from the distrust with which their position with regard to foreign politics is regarded. It is degrading to England that Lord MALMESBURY should be Foreign Secretary; and all Englishmen alive to the honour of their country, and friendly to Continental liberty, would view with dismay the assignment of the post to a politician so shifty and so venturesome as Mr. DISRAELI, whose chief ideas on foreign politics are a blind and contemptuous hostility to Italy, and a timid adulation of the Emperor of the FRENCH. There is, indeed, no reason at the present moment to wish that Lord PALMERSTON's Ministry should fall. But it cripples the action of Parliament and of the nation that the Conservatives should be unfit to take office. Let us suppose that the report had been true which told us that Lord RUSSELL had issued a despatch about Greece in his worst and most imprudent style, lecturing the Greeks for the vicissitudes of their party politics, and threatening them with the intervention of the Great Powers. It would be difficult to believe that even Lord RUSSELL could be guilty of so serious a folly, and could set the almost unanimous opinion of the House of Commons at such open defiance. But if this were true, it would be most unsatisfactory that, in spite of everything, Lord RUSSELL should be continued in office simply because the Conservatives have no one fit to be Foreign Secretary. It would be very hazardous to say that Lord STANLEY will ever be the Foreign Secretary of the Conservatives, but his speech at Lynn may be taken as a proof that the Conservatives have in him a leader who, if appointed to the Foreign Office, would deserve that the fairest possible trial should be given to him.

Although Lord STANLEY took the obvious and sensible line on the questions which he handled, he was by no means commonplace. As to America, he was so impartial that he not only declined to express sympathy for either side, but he uttered a very strong opinion that neither side would pay their debts. Fairness cannot go further than that. He ventured on a

prophecy that the North would in time conquer and overcome the South. At first this seems hazardous, for although the present campaign has, on the whole, been more or less unfavourable to the Confederates, it has exposed the Federals to grave disasters, and has shown that the tenacity and the resources of the Confederates are equally surprising. But really the prophecy does not amount to much, for it only hazards an opinion that the North will prevail if it goes on long enough, and the prophet can always say that his condition was not fulfilled. But Lord STANLEY is clearly of opinion that, with their complete success, the difficulties of the Federals would be only beginning, and that not only will the North forfeit its liberties when it enters on the undertaking to keep in perpetual subjugation six millions of persons of English descent, but that their Government, however centralized it may be made, will fail in its task. Put briefly, therefore, Lord STANLEY's opinion is that the North will advance through wholesale slaughter and wholesale repudiation to the erection of a tottering despotism; and, as he justly observes, England may witness this process with patient impartiality and sincere pity. In passing to Italy, Lord STANLEY takes great pains to clear himself from the reproach of sharing Mr. DISRAELI's cynical antipathy to a nation whose gallant efforts for national independence have been watched in England with such general approval and admiration. Strangely enough, however, he passes over in silence the last great fact in Italian history. He makes no mention of the Convention with France, and his silence suggests a suspicion that he is sufficiently bound by party ties, and sufficiently aware of the necessities of his party, to abstain from giving utterance to remarks which might offend those Irish allies on whom it will be so advantageous to the Conservatives to be able to count in a division. It is difficult indeed to see how a Conservative leader can at once conciliate these allies and avoid offending the Protestant and liberal feeling of England, except by either prudently holding his tongue, or by adopting the device of Mr. DISRAELI and bowing down to the will of the EMPEROR as to that of a fite or heavenly power. If it were once conceded that it is for the EMPEROR to go or not to go, to occupy Rome or to abandon it as he pleases, and that he must know best and is sure to do best, it might be possible to persuade the Catholics that even their best friend could not oppose destiny, and to satisfy Englishmen that what the EMPEROR was doing was exactly what Protestants would most desire. But Lord STANLEY is too honourable and has too much respect for himself to adopt this tone when speaking of a foreign Sovereign; and although, with pardonable prudence, he omits to notice a matter which rouses opposite feelings so violently, he says quite enough to inspire a conviction that he would not do anything, if in office, to thwart the wishes of the Italians.

It required some courage and a tolerably large view of foreign politics to discuss, as Lord STANLEY did, the situation of Germany and of Turkey. He entirely abandoned the defence of the German Confederation, to uphold and praise which was once a main article of the Tory creed. The Bund once broken up, what could take its place? and he saw no other prospect than that of the minor States disappearing altogether for all diplomatic and military purposes, and grouping themselves under the protection of one or other of the two Great Powers. If this happens, England, as he justly remarked, would have no cause of regret. The minor States of Germany are of no more interest or importance to us than the different Cantons of Switzerland, and their only direct use is to furnish husbands and wives to our Royal Family. But they could easily be kept alive for matrimonial purposes, although for no other, and it would be a gain to Europe generally, and therefore to us, if Germany were broken up into two considerable Powers. But it may be doubted whether, if a general rearrangement of Germany were made, the two groups into which it would be divided would be of

anything like equal size and importance. Prussia is rising, and Austria is falling. Prussia is, in a faint German way, liberal and progressive. Austria is wavering, and has no other purpose than to hold somehow to what she has got. Venetia is silently undermining her. She can no longer hold her place as a Great Power; she would fight hard if driven to war, but she seeks to live by avoiding danger. She saw that the French Convention with Italy was an indirect challenge to her, and she has answered it by a reduction of her army. She knew that the POPE looked to her for protection against France, and she has hastened to let it be known that she cannot actively support the POPE. Bavaria and Wurtemberg have accepted the French Treaty of Commerce, and thus, if Austria is excluded from the new Zollverein, she will be left out in the cold alone, or with only one or two tiny States to countenance her. All the advantage is on the side of Prussia, and, if nothing unforeseen occurs, Prussia will have the lion's share assigned her when the spoils of Germany come to be partitioned out. The regret with which the gradual diminution or decay of Austrian power would be viewed in England would, however, be very slight among those who think as Lord STANLEY thinks about Turkey. He openly expresses his surprise that the older generation of English statesmen should regard the artificial preservation of the Turkish dominion with the extreme interest they always display in it. The explanation is to be found, not in the solid interests of England, but in the affectionate remembrances of old contests and old diplomatic victories. A newer race of statesmen will regard the Eastern question with the impartial indifference of Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord STANLEY.

#### THE AUSTRALIAN TRANSPORTATION QUESTION.

THE dispute between the Imperial Government and the Colony of Victoria on the question of transportation to Western Australia has passed into a disagreeable stage. On the main issue the English Government is substantially in the wrong, because it has insisted, without sufficient motive, on the enforcement of a strict legal right. Western Australia is separated by hundreds of miles of sea or of wilderness from the nearest of the Southern and Eastern settlements, nor is it connected by any constitutional or federal tie with its distant neighbours. In theory, the relations between the metropolis and the colony are separate and exclusive, and Victoria has no more legal right than Trinidad or Mauritius to interfere with the transportation of English convicts to Western Australia. It is true that every community is entitled to remonstrate against any proceeding from which it may suffer a practical injury, but the immigration of convicts from the only remaining penal settlement on the continent is probably an exaggerated or chimerical evil. If the matter could have been discussed in a Court of law, on the complaint of Victoria or New South Wales, the advocate of the Imperial Government would never have been called upon for a defence. The case was so clear on its formal and logical merits, that a statesman would have taken for granted that the other side of the question deserved serious consideration. The people of Victoria were but slightly injured, and they have not suffered the smallest technical wrong; but their strong language expressed a feeling almost equally strong, and by no means unintelligible. There is no use in measuring the exact distance between the colonies which naturally expect hereafter to form a single great Confederation or Empire. Australia anticipates the unity which has already attained an inchoate or imaginative existence. Western Australia is a great way off from the more populous provinces, but there is nothing between; and land is a better conductor of patriotism or sympathy than sea. Englishmen who know the country only on the map may partially understand the feeling of the colonists if they fancy, for a moment, the formation somewhere on the Australian coast of a French or Russian colony. There is no doubt that such an occupation would be universally regarded as a wrongful intrusion, and, if the English colonists resented the settlement by arms, they would be supported by the Mother-country. A few years ago New South Wales was indignant at the establishment of a French colony in New Guinea, although nature had interposed a thousand miles of sea. It is, in short, impossible that Victoria and New South Wales should regard Western Australia as an absolutely foreign country.

Transportation is in itself not a pleasant subject, and in Australia it suggests peculiarly disagreeable associations. The wonderful prosperity of New South Wales, including the territory which is now known as Victoria, originated in the notorious penal settlement of Botany Bay. Forty years ago,

an English humourist assumed that the unconvicted colonists spent their time in looking, like DIOGENES, with a lantern at noonday, for an honest man. At a more recent period, New South Wales itself deprecated the discontinuance of transportation, because its economic condition was the same as the present state of Western Australia. When the colony had attained a certain stage of prosperity, and especially when the gold diggings began to attract immigration, free labour grudged the competition of penal servitude, and abhorred its suspicious proximity. Although the English Government cannot be charged with obstinacy, its resistance to the change lasted long enough to convert the objection to transportation into a sentiment and a passion. Many convicts who have completed their term of punishment hold respectable positions in Australian society, and several of them sit on the benches of the different Assemblies; but it is understood on all hands that their antecedent history is to be forgotten, and that the race is to be allowed to die out. It is because the inhabitants are laudably eager to relieve their continent from the stain, that they employ themselves in agitating against the despatch of convicts to Western Australia. The people of Victoria are not really afraid of two or three possible bushrangers from the West, but they cannot endure the thought that English convicts should possibly continue to form a part of their community. The Imperial Government ought to have understood from the first that it was dealing with a controversy in which an argumentative triumph was undesirable and useless. It is always judicious, if possible, to defer to a genuine popular feeling which is not likely to be transient.

In this particular case it was easy to count the cost of concession, as it was confined to the more or less convenient disposal of three hundred convicts a year. The wish of Western Australia for a continued supply of penal labour was founded on no preceding right, and the question was to be determined exclusively on grounds of general expediency. Although the disposal of discharged criminals causes much difficulty and annoyance, the removal from England of a small percentage of the whole number offers a comparatively trifling advantage. As soon as the Government ascertained that the larger Australian colonies were in earnest, it ought to have gracefully satisfied their demands; and probably the more prudent course would have been adopted if the matter had not concerned two separate departments of administration. Mr. CARDWELL is not bigoted to notions of Imperial supremacy, and his predecessor, the lamented Duke of NEWCASTLE, always felt a liberal sympathy for colonial aspirations; but while the Colonial Office may have inclined to favour the petitions from Melbourne and Port Phillip, the Home Secretary had his goals to clear and his tickets of leave to economise. When the subject was debated in the House of Lords, Earl GREY displayed with unusual success his remarkable talent for conveying unpalatable opinions in the least conciliatory form. By insisting on the rights of the Crown, and by hinting doubts as to the sincerity of the complainants, he has produced the utmost possible irritation in Australia, and he has increased, as far as his power extended, the embarrassment of the Government. No statesman is honest, few are acuter or better informed, and, but for an unfortunate incapacity to understand human nature, Lord GREY would be one of the most efficient of Ministers, or one of the most useful of independent politicians. He will perhaps be surprised to find that the rough victims of his criticism resent his appropriate taunts and convincing arguments by rude and coarse vituperation of himself, and by measures which, if they are not rebellious, are conspicuously disloyal. The storm might perhaps have been conjured up by Mr. CARDWELL's despatch, but the angry newspapers and the mutinous Cabinet of Victoria are careful to announce that Lord GREY is the special object of their resentment.

As the heads of a family are held responsible for the defective breeding of their children, England ought to feel some remorse in contemplating the manners of the numerous communities which have swarmed from the parent hive. The Americans, with all their great qualities, can scarcely deny that, at least in their international relations, they have hitherto proved themselves the least courteous of mankind. Their communications with the Government of the Mother-country have, without a pretence of provocation, been almost always deliberately uncivil in language, as well as unfriendly in substance; and their statesmen act on the knowledge that a more genial and respectful demeanour would be highly unpopular among their own countrymen. American vanity will perhaps be wounded by the discovery that Australia is still more youthful in its irreverence to the metropolitan Government. It may be hoped that Sir C. DARLING has not officially transmitted to his superiors the irregular and offensive minute



which he has received from his Ministers; but, on the whole, it is perhaps as well for the prospects of a future compromise that the colony, in its passionate inexperience, should have placed itself distinctly in the wrong. The Cabinet of Victoria—selected, in close imitation of English practice, by the Governor from the ranks of the Parliamentary majority—has entirely misapprehended the nature of responsible government. It is of the essence of the English Constitution that the Ministers are servants of the Crown, and that they are absolutely incapable of collective action, except in the form of advice to the Sovereign. Their substantial power is closely connected with a studious regard for the historical relation which, on ordinary occasions, may be mistaken for a fiction. If they are backed by Parliament, they may practically coerce the Crown, but the possessor of the queen-bee must never forget that his power depends exclusively on the talisman which he holds. Sir C. DARLING's advisers hold their offices at pleasure, and in the meantime their only privilege is to advise their principal, and their only means of procuring attention to their counsels is the threat of resignation. An English Prime Minister would instinctively fear to tread in the forbidden paths where the Chief Secretary of Victoria and his colleagues rush in without a moment's hesitation. Neither eloquence, nor party influence, nor European reputation would compensate for the usurpation by a Minister of sovereign authority; and the obscure leaders of a little Australian faction have assuredly no personal importance which can counterbalance their blundering impropriety. Lord PALMERSTON is known, and Lord DERBY is known, but who is Mr. JAMES M'CULLOCH? At present it can only be said that he is a very presumptuous person, holding for the moment the post of Chief Secretary of Victoria.

This representative of responsible government actually informs the Governor of the Colony that he has addressed a circular to the Chief Secretaries of the other colonies interested, inviting the co-operation of their respective Governments in framing a measure to be submitted to the consideration of the several Parliaments, prohibitive of all intercourse whatsoever with Western Australia, in order that her position as the only convict colony in Australia may be distinctly marked. If Mr. M'CULLOCH's correspondents understand their business, they will remind him that, until the Government of Victoria has acted through its Governor, invitations to co-operation by unauthorized persons are merely acts of seditious impertinence. The extravagance of the proposed measure is less absurd than the method by which it is to be accomplished. No such proceedings can be adopted except by the sanction of the respective Governors acting in the name of that Imperial Crown which the malcontents desire to insult. Of course Australia, like any other dependency, may rebel, and Victoria may choose Mr. M'CULLOCH to direct its disloyal action; but, within the limits of his office as one of Sir C. DARLING's Ministers, he has no right or power to communicate on any subject with any other Government. If the CHIEF SECRETARY for Ireland were, on his own motion, to propose to the PRIME MINISTER of Belgium the common discontinuance of intercourse with Holland, he would not be guilty of a more outrageous anomaly than Mr. M'CULLOCH and his unknown colleagues.

Mr. CARDWELL has an opportunity of displaying diplomatic tact in profiting by the oversight of the agitators. Although their unconstitutional communication is probably excused by ignorance, it is not unlikely that the local Assembly and the population may adopt the quarrel. The discontinuance of the postal subsidy, which is to be the first step in the excommunication of Western Australia, lies within the competence of the Parliament. As a separate dispute is at present raging between Victoria and New South Wales, Mr. M'CULLOCH's treasonable league will probably meet with some preliminary impediments; but Victoria alone has perhaps the power to give considerable annoyance to the Home Government. It is useless to explain to angry colonial understandings that the adoption of extreme measures of hostility, as often as a difference of opinion arises, is neither justifiable nor statesmanlike; but the Australians are perhaps candid enough to admit that, when they demanded the transplantation of responsible government, they accepted the indispensable conditions of the English Constitution. Having made an obvious mistake, the colony will not be in a position to triumph too loudly if England, in turn, makes the politic concession of abolishing transportation altogether. The occasion neither requires nor justifies the institution of a delicate and dangerous controversy on the relations between the Colonies and the Crown. Australia will at some time drop off from the original stem, but the amputation of the young and flourishing branch would at present be premature. The

colonists are boasting that they have the power to give abundant trouble to the Imperial Government without exceeding their constitutional powers. As their first step has obviously transgressed the prescribed limits, they may perhaps, by judicious management, be induced to retract the encroachment.

#### SUBURBAN STARRING.

LAST autumn Lord RUSSELL undertook the task of teaching political wisdom to the shepherds of Blairgowrie. On that occasion he was, if anything, too trenchant and epigrammatic. He uttered a threat to Russia which he was compelled shortly afterwards to eat; and he took his final leave of the Reform pledges by which he had acceded to office in a parable of which he has never heard the last. Warned by experience, for once in his life, he resolved this autumn to avoid the errors of the last. He determined that nothing in the nature of epigram should be chargeable to his speech. There is no doubt that, if such has been his effort, he has admirably succeeded. Mr. COWPER himself could not have produced a more perfect and artistic specimen of twaddle. It might be conjectured from this effort that he is rapidly arriving at the stage which all our statesmen reach at last. There is no more striking tribute to the advance of medical science than the intellectual condition of some of our leading statesmen. They no longer die—indeed it is doubted by competent persons if they ever will die. Nor do they lose the command of their limbs. They remain much the same, clinging desperately to public life, sparing no opportunity of bringing their names before the world, showing a creditable amount of activity. It is not until they open their mouths to speak, that the way in which old age has hit them becomes apparent. Their intellects have evaporated in very harmless but very attenuated twaddle. They talk a good deal of their recollections, and about what some departed worthy said to them half or three-quarters of a century ago, and they make incessant invocations which are morally edifying, but grammatically involved. Judged by comparison, Lord RUSSELL may be looked upon as a young man. He has, therefore, a right to the benefit of the doubt whether the vacuity of his speech at the Islington Exhibition was a symptom of decaying intellect or an exercise of unwonted prudence.

There was a good deal of allowance to be made for him. He had to do the Great Exhibition over again on a small scale; and whatever other uses he may have been designed to serve, he was formed by nature for something better than opening Exhibitions. He is not connected with the Science and Art Department; he has not been trained to do the dirty work of that back-stair Avatar of prerogative known to the world as the Society of Arts. Even at a genuine Exhibition he would, therefore, have been out of place. He is in the weekly habit of insulting Kings and Emperors; so he cannot descend to curry favour at a constitutional Court by buttering the basest toadies. The acid in his nature keeps it sufficiently pure to make him revolt from the mutual flummery which in England is honoured by the name of a scientific discussion. He could not, therefore, have been safely entrusted with the task of opening even a real Exhibition. Naturally, when he was put in the chair to give a decent appearance to a small suburban exhibition, he felt that he was in a mess, and that, the more absolutely inane his observations were, the easier would be his extrication from the embarrassment. The imitation of the real thing was vigorously attempted, and there was something almost pathetic in the fidelity with which the precedents of 1862 were followed at a despairing interval. The great feature of the Great Exhibition was that, being a gigantic puff of tradesmen's wares, it was inaugurated by a solemn prayer to the ALMIGHTY for its success, delivered by the Bishop of LONDON. Bishops are rare and expensive, and it was not for a humble concern like the North London Industrial Exhibition to aspire to so great an honour. They did manage, however, to secure the services of a perpetual curate in those parts; and they supplemented his prayer with singing the Hundredth Psalm as Lord RUSSELL took the chair—which, to any one who considered the wording of the Psalm they were singing, might seem an extravagant expression of gratitude for so very small a mercy. The rest of the entertainment was upon the same reduced scale. The Committee absolutely declined making any mention, honourable or otherwise, of the exhibitors. The only contributors to the undertaking whom they thought worthy of their recorded gratitude were the ladies and gentlemen who joined in singing the Hundredth Psalm when Lord RUSSELL took the chair. In fact, this performance generally appears to have gratified them so

much that it was repeated at a later period of the evening. But the reduced scale of the performance was most conspicuously manifest when it became necessary to find an M.P. to propose a vote of thanks to the noble chairman. When the Committee found that they must be content with Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR or nothing, they should have reconsidered their position. They should have inquired whether it was necessary to have a senator. It would have been better, under the circumstances, to have stooped to an Alderman, or even a Common Councillor. But if Lord RUSSELL will go to suburban exhibitions, he must submit to be complimented even by Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR. It is not, however, to be wondered at that his oratory was flat upon the occasion, and that he did not think the opportunity a favourable one for issuing any remarkable political manifestoes.

Perhaps it may be thought that, under such circumstances, Lord RUSSELL's best course would have been not to appear at all. But, in justice, the exigencies of his situation must be remembered. He is in the position of a candidate expecting a contested election. The post of leader of the Liberal party, soon probably to be vacant, is contested against him only by Mr. GLADSTONE. It is natural that he should feel jealous of his rival's success in the provinces; and as he has no provinces to which he can go with any hope that they would get up what is called "an ovation" in his favour, he is compelled to have recourse to the perennial enthusiasm of the spare inhabitants of Islington. Both the candidates were compelled to exhibit their skill upon the same crucial subject—the question of Parliamentary Reform; and both were compelled to meet the difficulty by a similar ingenuity in overloading it with unintelligible words. It will be difficult for the acutest critic of a future age to discover exactly what it was that Lord RUSSELL meant by the curious language he employed. First he entreated his auditors to be of good comfort, because "no question made any progress in this country until it had undergone a good deal of soaking." The passage is worthy of being presented to the Civil Service Commissioners for their next examination, as an insoluble puzzle in bad English. In what species of liquid are public questions in this country supposed to be soaked, and how does that soaking tend to their advancement? Lord RUSSELL could hardly have referred to beer. It is quite true that Reform would have made a much more rapid progress in this country if the people to whom it was commended had been "soaked" in beer, but that is an undoubted fact to which we can hardly imagine that Lord RUSSELL would have desired to allude. The next observation is darker still. He entreats his audience to make allowance for the Government when they do not attempt to push forward measures which do not seem to have been adequately soaked, and the ground on which he pleads for them is as follows:—"But allow me also to say that it does not happen to us in politics as it does to those who work in some other ways. For instance, I saw a machine to-day by which, I think, the ten-thousandth part of a grain difference in weight would be shown by an exceedingly nice and delicate balance. I also saw a watch made to go exactly to the minute and the second. Now we who are engaged in politics are not able to work with any such mechanical accuracy, and therefore it well becomes you, and it has become you in former times, to show patience and confidence in the laws of your country." It is open to speculation to imagine what kind of idea the mechanics who heard those words can have carried away. What had the ten-thousandth part of a grain to do with a Reform Bill? What was the connexion between an extension of the franchise, or a change in the ruling class, and a watch which kept time to the second? If Lord RUSSELL meant to assert that the House which has the honour of listening to him does not keep time to the second, he grossly libelled it, for it always goes home to dinner precisely at five minutes past seven. The only practical conclusion which the "intelligent working man" can have drawn from the exhibition of intellect which he saw in the chair upon this occasion must have been a feeling of heartfelt consternation at the reflection that this distinguished master of unintelligible twaddle directed the diplomatic correspondence and the foreign policy of England. If Lord RUSSELL merely meant to present himself as a shocking example of the kind of incapacity which a Parliament elected by ten-pounders could pitchfork into an important post, the exhibition was judicious and appropriate. It was the strongest argument in favour of Reform that has yet been delivered.

#### OCEAN TELEGRAPHS.

THE partial success which has attended the attempts to connect England and India by a telegraphic wire seem to have revived the hopes which, after soaring so high five or

six years ago, were cruelly disappointed by the failure of the Atlantic line and many subsequent disasters. After all the mishaps that have occurred, it is not surprising that any confident prediction as to future telegraphic achievements should be met with excessive suspicion; and when Sir CHARLES BRIGHT wrote to the *Times* to say that the Indian telegraph was nearly complete—and that within three years China and Australia may, if we please, be in instant communication with London—it was quite a matter of course that he should be answered by a critic enjoying a preternatural sharpness of vision for the difficulties to which Sir C. BRIGHT was a little blind. Mere spectators who are neither stimulated by participation in telegraphic speculations nor terrified by the recollection of losses incurred find it difficult to forego the hope that, sooner or later, all that has been dreamed of universal telegraphic communication will become a working reality. There is a fascination about the very magnitude and audacity of the larger schemes which captivates the fancy, even when it fails to secure actual co-operation. But there is better warrant than any hopes and fancies for believing that the great problems in telegraphy will before long be grappled with, and, it may be hoped, with a better issue than attended some of the earlier premature attempts.

Those who have watched the progress of the practical science of telegraphy, though they see that enterprises of this kind are much too arduous to justify sanguine predictions, know that the time which has elapsed since the most conspicuous failures has not been wasted. With the exception of the Malta and Alexandria cable, and other portions of the line to India, nothing on a very grand scale has been attempted since the breakdown of the Atlantic and Red Sea cables; but not the less, perhaps all the more, on this account science has been making vigorous progress, the causes of past failure have been thoroughly ascertained, and the errors which vitiated the earlier efforts have now been completely exploded. Whether our engineers are yet in a position to promise us a network of telegraphic wires over the whole earth may be still a moot point; but this great preliminary stride has been taken, that whereas in 1857 almost everything connected with ocean telegraphy rested upon guess, it is now almost true to say that each separate danger has been measured, and the feasibility of almost the most difficult lines reduced mainly to a question of cost. No practical art ever reached this point without ultimately advancing much further, and though it would be rash to conjecture how many more years, and how many more failures, must bridge over the interval before complete success is attained, we believe that there is now less reason than ever to despair of the ultimate triumph of many of the boldest schemes. Out of nearly a hundred submarine cables that have been laid from time to time, it is true that not much more than half are now in working order; and, as a rule, the successful cables have been those of the strongest, the heaviest, and the most costly descriptions. Most of the long cables and deep-sea cables have broken down, but the causes of failure are known. Many of them can be avoided, though not without incurring heavier outlay than was once thought sufficient, and the rest are said to be in a fair way to be surmounted by the improvements in manufacture and the discoveries of science. Whether the projectors of telegraph schemes are not even now too confident of immediate success, nothing but the event can prove; but there are, at any rate, signs to be noted more hopeful than the calculations of sanguine engineers. The project of carrying a cable from Ireland to Newfoundland across nearly 3,000 miles of sea, with soundings occasionally of two and a half miles, was by far the most audacious that has ever been conceived; yet even for this scheme, after losing a capital of 600,000*l.*, the Atlantic Company have succeeded in raising a second fund, and are now busily engaged in manufacturing a cable which is to be paid out from the *Great Eastern* in the course of next summer. Every one must wish success to so courageous an experiment, and though it is undeniable that many grave risks still remain, it is equally certain that the principal dangers which caused the destruction of the old cable have been either removed or greatly mitigated. At every stage of its progress a submarine cable is hedged round with dangers. There is first the risk of defective manufacture, then the chance of mishap in paying out, and last, but by no means least of all, the certainty of deterioration and ultimate destruction by natural or accidental causes after the cable is submerged. Each of these elements of hazard is undoubtedly much diminished since the abortive attempts of 1857 and 1858. Incredible as it seems, it is a



fact that the old Atlantic cable was laid down without any preliminary test of its soundness of the smallest value. A single pin-hole in the coating of 3,000 miles of wire would be enough to ruin the whole enterprise, and until the cable lay at the bottom of the ocean no one could say whether such a defect did or did not exist. Since that time the whole machinery for securing perfect manufacture has been revolutionized. Continuous testing under water detects the slightest flaw at any point, and means have been found for determining with the utmost nicety the precise position of a fault, so that the evil may be remedied at any time until the wire is absolutely out of reach. Practically, there is now no difficulty in ensuring the perfect soundness of a telegraphic cable up to the moment when it is paid out over the ship's stern.

The second class of risks, those incidental to the laying of the cable, have in great measure been due to neglect of scientific precautions, and are almost entirely obviated now by the use of much stronger cables than were formerly in vogue. The new Atlantic cable, for example, though very slight in comparison with many others, will be more than twice as strong and nearly twice as heavy as that which was for a time at work, while its weight in water, on which the strain depends, will be scarcely increased at all. But the really formidable risk is that of more or less rapid injury after the submergence. That the wire will be successfully laid, and will remain for a greater or less time in working order, may, in the absence of special ill-luck, be reasonably expected, but very few data exist for forming any opinion how long it will stand. With a mile or two of water above it, it will be safe from the accidents that so often damage more accessible cables; but in this case injury is ruin. Iron will rust, and insects will gnaw even at the bottom of the Atlantic; and there is, besides, the possibility that the strongest rope of iron and hemp may give way when it lies stretched across the uneven rocks which will probably form some portion of its bed. The great safeguard against dangers such as these is to make the rope very thick and strong; but, in the case of an Atlantic cable, not only the extravagant cost, but the difficulty of stowing on ship-board, and laying 3,000 miles of very heavy cable, rendered it quite impossible to carry this precaution nearly so far as has been done in all the most successful cables. Certainty of wearing out sooner or later; uncertainty how soon the end may come; absolute impossibility of repairing damages—these are the conditions of the problem. But, after all, the difficulty is reducible to a question of cost, and it must be presumed that those who have ventured once more on the enterprise have done so on the calculation that their cable will be long-lived enough to pay for its construction. Actual experience has shown how very large an income may be realized out of a long cable when in working order, and it is quite possible that a comparatively short term of years would remunerate the Atlantic Company for their spirited outlay.

While experience has thus encouraged the boldest of our telegraph projectors to a renewal of their experiment, under circumstances at any rate much less unfavourable than those of their first essay, it has led other engineers to the conclusion that, for the present at any rate, the safest course is to avoid deep water whenever that can be done. The Malta and Alexandria line was laid on the principle of never exceeding a depth of 100 fathoms for more than a few miles. At the same time, the sheathing was intended to be strong enough to allow of the cable being picked up and repaired at almost any point, as has already been done on more than one occasion. Whether the requisite strength will be retained after a few years of corrosion may be doubtful, but though the limit of danger may have been approached too closely in this particular case, the principle of keeping a cable always accessible for repairs is obviously right, as taking away much of the extreme hazard of such speculations. The controversy in the *Times*, to which we have already referred, raises a very interesting question as to the feasibility of laying telegraphs all over the world without abandoning this useful precaution. If Australia and China can be reached across shallow seas, the Atlantic will be the only deep ocean which it will be necessary to cross. Sir CHARLES BRIGHT asserts that a route may be selected in comparatively shallow water all the way to China, on the one hand, and to Australia on the other, and that for the most part the inevitable deep seas and coral reefs exist only in the imagination of his critic. The project seems to be to creep in fifty-fathom water from Rangoon, along the coast of the Malay peninsula, to Singapore; and from that point to diverge with one line to the left, by the coast of Cochin China and China Proper, to Hong Kong, and with another to the

right, through Java, and thence by the island of Timor to the Gulf of Carpentaria. According to Sir CHARLES BRIGHT this last section is the only one where deep water cannot be avoided, and even there he insists that the difficulty would occur only over a distance of seventy miles; so that the cable would be accessible for repair in every other part, and a fault in the worst possible position would not involve any more serious loss than that of seventy miles of wire. It seems to be acknowledged that the soundings are by no means so complete as would be desirable for laying such a cable, but if Sir CHARLES BRIGHT is right in saying that shallow water is known to exist in all but this short portion of the projected line, there is certainly nothing, in an engineering point of view, to prevent the cable being laid within the three years claimed as sufficient for the work. The occasional or even the frequent occurrence of coral on the route would be rather a financial than an engineering difficulty. It is known that cables can be made strong enough to lie uninjured on a coral bed, and we have no doubt that to lay a cable from India to Australia and China, and to keep it in repair, is a feat quite within the compass of modern science. The completion and maintenance of the Indian line is a matter of much greater doubt. A message sent from Kurrachee on the 27th of September did, it seems, reach Bagdad on the 3rd, Constantinople on the 7th, and London on the 9th of this month; but before the speed upon this line can be materially improved, the Constantinople and Bagdad telegraph must be made secure and effective, and 150 miles of wire must be laid across the Valley of the Tigris between Bagdad and the head of the Persian Gulf. A more hopeful prospect is afforded by the continuation of the Russian line through Persia to the shores of the Gulf, which is expected to be finished in a few weeks. It is not many years since the notion of receiving our earliest Indian news through a Russian channel would have filled English statesmen with consternation, and, though a telegraph by any route would now be heartily welcomed, it would be more desirable to have a line free from the danger of interruption in the event of a European war. When the Indian telegraph is securely established, by whatever route it may happen to go, the extension to China and Australia would not seem to be attended by any insuperable difficulty; and, if once these lines and the Atlantic telegraph were laid, nothing but comparatively easy work would remain to complete a network which would leave New Zealand and the Cape almost the only places in the world of any importance excluded from the telegraphic circuit. For the realization of these, like most other engineering visions, time and money are the only things wanting.

Telegraphy, after all its failures, and mainly through its failures, has passed out of the merely engineering into the commercial phase. Its task now is to prove, not only that this or that cable can be made, but that it can be made to pay. The renewal of the Atlantic enterprise shows that there are capitalists who have faith enough even in that hazardous undertaking to embark in it once more, and, although the Government is not likely to carry its own ventures farther than it has already done in the laying of the Malta and Alexandria cable, private enterprise may be trusted to complete any telegraphic line which promises a reasonable return for the risk incurred. Every year, by supplying fresh experience, reduces the risk of this class of undertakings, and the time must sooner or later come when even the vast scheme of carrying our electric wires as far as China and Australia will be no longer disparaged as the dream of a poetical engineer.

#### MR. GLADSTONE.

THROUGHOUT his Lancashire tour—at Liverpool and Manchester, as well as at Bolton—Mr. GLADSTONE has spoken as he only can speak, and he has at the same time avoided the errors to which he is more liable than many inferior men. He has never been more copious or more persuasive, and he has sometimes been less discreet. It would be hypercritical to find fault with the conventional enthusiasm which purported to welcome the success of some Liverpool boys in the Middle-Class Examinations. An ordinary speaker would have said the same, and it was natural that an extraordinary orator should condescend for a moment to affect a harmless local partisanship. Mr. GLADSTONE'S admiration for penny newspapers is perhaps more genuine, because it is natural that the Minister who repealed the paper-duty should rejoice to witness the fruits of his concession. He had the good taste to compliment the older and more exclusive journals before he surrendered himself to the ecstatic contemplation of the wisdom and virtue of the cheap press. As he truly said, the

high-priced papers are addressed to the upper and middle classes, and the reciprocal influence of writers and readers has established an extraordinarily high standard of literary morality. Personal scandal is almost wholly exploded, and in a great majority of cases public affairs are discussed with creditable knowledge and with tolerable honesty. Mr. GLADSTONE could find no fault with the old-fashioned newspapers, except that they were too dear for general circulation. The penny papers anticipated the repeal of the paper-duty, but it was understood that few of them could have been long supported unless the raw material had been cheapened by legislation. It may be admitted that the result of the new system is thus far satisfactory, inasmuch as there is little difference of tone and language between the penny papers and the more aristocratic compositions which they imitate. The *Standard* and the *Telegraph* copy the *Times* with tolerable success, and, if the *Morning Star* is more definitely democratic and American, its arguments are addressed by educated writers to an audience which cannot be utterly ignorant. The penny papers in Lancashire and Yorkshire are read by all classes in the North, principally because the use of the telegraph enables them to anticipate the London morning trains. On the whole, the experiment has succeeded, both in the convenience which it has afforded and in the disappointment of lugubrious prophecies. The study of a penny paper is not calculated to excite dithyrambic fervour in any mind less vehement than Mr. GLADSTONE's; but it is desirable that all things, and especially raw materials, should if possible be cheap. The taxes on knowledge were, like the malt-tax, artificial evils, and perhaps as much might be said for untaxed beer as for an untaxed *Morning Star*, especially if it were found that the repeal of the duty favoured, as in the case of the penny papers, the purity of the manufactured article. It was, however, safer to surrender a million and a-half than six millions, and possibly Mr. GLADSTONE's vision of a Japanese world in which everything will be made of paper may, by long-continued exemption from the visits of the exciseman, be hereafter realized. The other great Eastern Empire has already inoculated England with its passion for universal competitive examinations.

Any less fertile speaker would have found it difficult to add novelty and interest to the inevitable eulogy of the effects of free trade. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, was never guilty of dullness, or even of tautology, though he supported the same conclusions again and again by reasons which could scarcely be indefinitely varied. With the prodigal liberality of conscious wealth, he generously threw away an unexpected opportunity of exchanging the comparatively fatiguing oratory of display for the pleasurable exertion of controversial debate. Lord PALMERSTON himself finds it convenient to keep a political butcher at Tiverton, whose sole function is to be periodically defeated in a sham contest with his principal. Mr. GLADSTONE is too skilful a performer to require accomplices, and when they volunteer their services in the crowd he quietly rejects their assistance. The managers of the Liverpool reception committed a flagrant mistake in allowing the so-called Financial Reform Association to take a formal part in the proceedings. Mr. GLADSTONE was the guest of the entire community, and, although his own political adherents were naturally most active in applauding his financial career, it is well known that in Liverpool all parties are of one mind as to the general doctrines of free trade, and as to recent applications of the theory. The Corporation and the Chamber of Commerce fairly represent the general population and the merchants; but the Financial Reform Association is a petty faction of violent fanatics, which represents nothing but the crotchets of its few and obscure members. The Federalist party in Liverpool would have been more numerous, and the Southern Independence Association would have expressed an opinion less unpopular in the town. It was absurd to allow the presentation of an address which controverted the whole fiscal policy of the Government. If Mr. BENTINCK carried on business in Liverpool, he might with equal propriety have taken occasion to inform Mr. GLADSTONE, as he told the Norfolk farmers, that the repeal of the paper-duty diminished the revenue by three millions for the exclusive benefit of the penny papers.

The Financial Reformers of Liverpool have got hold of the proposition that direct taxation is more cheaply raised than duties on commodities, and that it is also less injurious to trade. Their ideal Budget would be confined to the single item of an income-tax, to be levied at any percentage which might be required by the necessities of the State. If all taxpayers would fairly and voluntarily contribute their rateable proportions, it is perfectly true that the proposed system of finance would reduce the evils of taxation to their lowest point; but the discussion of the scheme is as use-

less for practical purposes as the attempted construction of engines to exemplify the laws of motion without allowance for friction. Dimly aware that small tradesmen and labourers would be troublesome customers to the tax-gatherer, the Financial Reform Association adopted the notable device of capitalizing all earnings, for purposes of assessment, according to the assumed duration of the income of each person. In other words, they propose to levy 15 or 20 per cent. per annum on land and accumulated property, and to relieve the rest of the community of all but a nominal contribution. With perfect consistency they blamed the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER for reducing the income-tax, when he might have removed the imperceptible burden of the duty on foreign corn. Mr. GLADSTONE's reply might be interpreted into an approval of the project of the Association, but he probably only intended to avoid an unseasonable discussion by an argument which was sufficient for the immediate occasion. In the House of Commons he has not unfrequently condemned direct taxation, and especially the income-tax, with perhaps exaggerated zeal. A greater controversialist was wont to puzzle impertinent objectors by suggesting accidental difficulties which lay at the very entrance of the dispute. When the sarcasm or fallacy was sufficient for its purpose, it was desirable to avoid a serious conflict with trivial opponents. Mr. GLADSTONE contented himself with reminding the Financial Reformers that, in finance as in other departments of human life, friction was exerted in the special form of Parliamentary control. Unless his critics could guarantee the assent of the House of Commons to their schemes, it was premature to find fault with the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. It would not be difficult to show that the answer was partially sophistical, but it was as good as the Financial Reformers deserved. In their capacity of a corporate ROWCROFT they were at least as civilly treated as their pertinacious prototype at Tiverton.

On the difficult question of Parliamentary Reform Mr. GLADSTONE observed a golden silence. At Bolton he hinted a belief that the country was indisposed to agitation, and at Liverpool and Manchester he almost entirely avoided the subject. It is possible that he may only have resolved to abstain from entering on controverted topics, but it is, on the other hand, not improbable that he may have reconsidered his recent declaration in the House of Commons. In the full enjoyment of fame and popularity, he has no personal interest in trying doubtful and dangerous experiments, and it is evident, from the contradictions involved in his speech and his preface, that he has not yet finally satisfied himself of the expediency of a political revolution. There seems at present to be no reason for expecting that the next House of Commons will fail to share the profound antipathy to Reform which has characterized the present Parliament; and in all probability Mr. GLADSTONE's political fortunes will depend on his influence with the House after the approaching election. On Lord PALMERSTON's retirement, the Liberal party must acquiesce in the leadership of Mr. GLADSTONE, unless he alienates the moderate section of his supporters by placing himself at the head of the democratic movement. There may be distrust, suspicion, and perhaps repugnance, but the claims which are founded on pre-eminent ability cannot be disregarded. Since the days of Mr. PITT no practical administrator has been as eloquent, and no orator has mastered so thoroughly the principles and details of public business. To the wavering faith or partial distrust of colleagues in the Government and in Parliament Mr. GLADSTONE has thought it expedient to oppose the applause and the expressions of confidence which are eagerly offered by great trading cities. Hesitating followers will perhaps be won over or intimidated into forgetfulness of their doubts. The conjecture that wisdom has not been bestowed in due proportion to brilliant speech and comprehensive knowledge is too vague to furnish a sufficient reason for refusing Mr. GLADSTONE a trial.

#### THE MIDDLESEX MAGISTRATES IN SYNOD.

AFTER all, there ought to be no complaint of the abeyance of what is called synodical action in England. Gentlemen at Church Congresses may complain that the safeguards of the faith are being gradually loosened; Convocation, with hesitating and dubious voice, may timidly condemn *Essays and Reviews*; Courts of Appeal may feel reluctant to enforce the letter of ecclesiastical statutes against free thought; and even Bishops in these lax days may content themselves, for the most part, with denouncing what is vaguely termed the spirit of the times. But there is a vigorous compensating action at work. While doctors and proctors are disputing, distinguish-



ing, and palliating, the bold laity are up and in action. Bishop COLENSO grounds his hopes of toleration on an appeal to the laity "to look to their own religious liberties." In "the more thoughtful and considerate of the laity" he sees with confidence that largeness of heart, charity in judgment, and liberality in action which he seeks in vain among his clerical brethren. In "the present House of Convocation, where the clergy are 'most imperfectly represented, and the laity not at all,' he can hope for no expression of the mind of the National Church. Well, this appeal to the laity has already been, to a considerable extent, answered. The laity are by no means so timid as the ecclesiastical bodies. They can make up their minds on religious points, and act upon them. The Middlesex Magistrates have taken doctrine into their own hands, and make no bones whatever of it. It is the simplest thing in the world, at the Sessions House on Clerkenwell Green, to pronounce what is religious truth, and to act accordingly. The Middlesex Magistrates settle the wrangles and controversies of ages by the shortest possible cut; and, being certain of the truth themselves, they take care, in the good old-fashioned, sensible, practical, straightforward way, that there shall be no religious error, heresy, or false doctrine taught, or believed, or practised which they can prevent. To be sure this looks a little like persecution, as it used to be called. But let us be fair. Strong convictions are a matter of conscience; if a man seriously and honestly believes that it is his duty to prevent simple-minded people being led astray by mischievous teaching, he must follow out this conviction in his practice. Men's souls are more precious than their bodies. We take all manner of precaution to protect the people from fever, infection, and diseased meat; and we ought to be at least as considerate for their immortal part as for the body that perishes. If Providence has placed us in that position that it depends upon our action whether a plague, material or spiritual, shall or shall not be propagated among the simple folk, can we hesitate about the path of duty? It is quite true that these were the arguments of TORQUEMADA. The Inquisition had a good deal to say for itself. So have the Middlesex Magistrates. It is curious, however, to find—and Bishop COLENSO will do well to lay the fact to heart—that it is among the laity, the intelligent and thoughtful laity, in the very cream and flower of the practical lay mind and among the chosen men of the first county in the world, that these maxims find, not an avowal in words, but a very practical adoption in action.

The Legislature has recently passed an Act to provide for the spiritual instruction of Roman Catholic prisoners. The intention of that Act was quite plain. Its object was to do the prisoners good in the only way in which religious good can be presented to them, by giving them the full benefit of their own religion. Whether that religion is a good one or a bad one the Legislature did not say. Parliament merely recognised the fact that there are Roman Catholic prisoners; and, also accepting the fact that there is such a thing as the Roman Catholic religion, it put the two facts together, and concluded that the Roman Catholic religion should be presented whole and entire to the Roman Catholic prisoners. Unfortunately the Act is permissive. It gives to the county magistrates powers, vague and undefined, of deciding on many points material to the fair and honest working of the law. It leaves it to the good sense or good feeling of the magistrates whether they shall appoint a paid chaplain; and, as it seems, it also leaves it to the same good sense and good feeling whether the chaplain so appointed shall or shall not be allowed to give religious teaching and religious consolation and the means of spiritual improvement in the only way in which, according to the religion which chaplain and prisoners profess, they can be offered. The consequence is, that in every county of England this Act has called out all the latent bigotry and intolerance of the English character, especially of those very conscientious people who feel it to be their bounden duty to thwart and insult the Roman Catholics and their religion and its professors, to place every obstacle in the way of the Act of Parliament being carried out, and to reduce it to a dead letter. In Lancashire the opposition to the law took the shape of an abortive effort to prevent the chaplain from celebrating public worship in the only way in which he could celebrate it. In Middlesex the opposition has gone much further. The Middlesex Magistrates congratulate themselves, in the person of Mr. LAURIE, that they have not laid out a penny in the purchase of "crucifix, candlesticks, chalices, or other insignia of idolatrous worship"—which, coming from a body of gentlemen nine out of ten of whom are members of the Church of England, in which chalices are not quite unknown, says as much for the information as it does for the decency of that august

body. But it has been left to the ingenious malice of Mr. Serjeant PAYNE to employ the Prison Ministers' Act most cleverly in the sacred interests of bigotry and intolerance, and the dear delight of insulting your neighbour. The Act provides that no prisoner shall be visited against his will, and gives to the visiting magistrates power to "impose such restrictions as may guard against the introduction of improper persons, and prevent improper communications." Have these provisions, inquires Mr. Serjeant PAYNE, been carried out? Improper persons; there are a great many improper persons. How are we to know that every Roman Catholic priest is not an improper person? There is the priest who seduced thirty young women in the Confessional. There is the priest who wrote that filthy letter to a boy, &c.—who, by the way, was not a priest or a Roman Catholic at all. "There is" "abundant reason why the visiting justices should look to" "the moral character of those who come to the prison to give" "religious instruction." And then Mr. Serjeant PAYNE smacks his lips, and of course did not mean to say a single word about the particular priest who at present visits at the prison. He confined himself, of course, to the general and notorious character of Roman Catholic clergymen as a class; and, having delivered himself of the sweeping doctrine that all priests are suspicious persons, there was no occasion to slander any one priest in particular. And then, as to the duty imposed on the magistrates of preventing improper communications, was that provision carried out? Did the magistrates take care that the priest should not teach the duty of exterminating Protestants? Did the magistrates take care that all Roman Catholic teaching should be given in public? He moved that the visiting magistrates should be instructed to attend to these points; and the whole Bench unanimously accepted the resolution. That is, the Middlesex Magistrates (only they had not the courage to say so) are agreed that the Roman Catholic religion is idolatrous, and that it is their duty to discourage it; and they are resolved, as far as in them lies, not only to oppose the intention of the Legislature, but to make the Prison Ministers' Act either wholly inoperative, or a means of insulting and vilifying the Roman Catholics and their clergy. We hear a good deal about non-natural interpretation and the wickedness of casuistry; but all the doctors of ambiguity and teachers of amphibology might be defied to invent such a comment upon plain words as that which tells us, with Serjeant PAYNE, that restrictions against improper persons meant to give the magistrates the right to consider and treat every priest as an immoral man, and that restrictions against improper communications meant that the visiting justices might prohibit the mass, auricular confession, and every doctrine inconsistent with the Confession of Faith sanctioned by Messrs. POWNALL and PAYNE.

But this is not the only doctrinal decision recently pronounced by the Council of Clerkenwell. Amongst its other functions, the Middlesex Bench has the power of granting and renewing music licenses. Of late years it has become the fashion to use large rooms for composite purposes, and certain Music Halls form a debateable ground on which the two worlds may meet in common. Exeter Hall is the typical instance. There are held religious meetings and musical meetings; the orator and oratorio alternate. Crotchets of either sort succeed each other. BOANERGES and Mr. COSTA meet together. This example has been followed. The minor theatres, anxious to turn an honest penny, are hired out on Sundays to preachers of various denominations; and the Saturday night's stench of sawdust, blue-fire, and orange-peel is succeeded by the Sunday odour of sanctity. There is a common element of sensationalism in the week-day and Sunday acting. Good taste is revolted by it, and other feelings than of reverence and respect for holy things are rudely assaulted by this profane jumble of screaming farces and converting sermons in the same edifice, which is at once a house of ribaldry and a house of prayer. But the thing is a settled thing; what Exeter Hall and Sadler's Wells do the Music Halls may do. Among these halls is a large room in Newman Street (is it the original home of the Irvingites?) which is the property of the Lecture Hall Association. In this place—it is called Cambridge Hall—a Dr. PERFITT has for some time delivered Sunday Lectures. Dr. PERFITT ministers, if the word may be used, to what he calls a congregation of Theists, and he styles his speculation (in whatever sense we use the word) "The Free Church of the Society of Independent Religious Reformers." There can be little doubt that Dr. PERFITT and his very odd discourses are very much out of gear with the Christian religion; and we concede at once that what he teaches may, to use the words of the Middlesex Magistrates, be described by the somewhat inconsistent terms of "Infidelity," "Atheism," "Deism," and "Corrupt

"Principles," if by those terms is only meant something which is not Christianity. Dr. PERFIT must be a very droll religious teacher, for—we quote his quarterly prospectus—in his Sunday discourses he dedicates the morning to subjects which find their common nature in a common termination, and run into rhyme, such as Inspiration, Initiation, Renunciation, and Mediation, while his evening homilies comprise such edifying and popular themes as the Life of SAKYA and Tyrian Theology, about which, if Dr. PERFIT knows anything, it is much more than we do. At the last Quarter Sessions, the proprietors of this Cambridge Hall applied for a renewal of a music license for the house, which had been used for that purpose on week nights—not for nightly concerts, after the fashion of the Oxford, but for concerts and music meetings, like Exeter Hall, St. James's Hall, and the Hanover Square Rooms. This application was refused by the Middlesex Magistrates, on the avowed ground of the objections entertained to Dr. PERFIT's doctrines. Because the room was used for Dr. PERFIT's non-Christian lectures, it should not be used for music meetings. What makes the case more striking is that in former years Dr. PERFIT, when sole lessee of the building, obtained his music license; but the change of proprietorship to the Lecture Hall Association gave the magistrates an opportunity to move in the affair. "We have 'always,'" says Mr. POWNALL, "thought the matter to be 'objectionable, and as this is a transfer, we can now have 'the opportunity of deciding in accordance with our views.' Accordingly, the license was refused.

Now we are quite ready to admit that we have not the slightest sympathy with Dr. PERFIT's reformed religion. It seems to be a silly compound of quackery and pretentiousness. But this is not the point. The principle upon which the Middlesex Magistrates decided is, that they are judges of what is and what is not edifying and salutary in the shape of religion. They have said that Dr. PERFIT's theism and his speculations on Tyrian Theology and the Life of ZOROASTER are to be punished as dangerous to public morals in the same sense in which harbouring improper characters and giving improper entertainments are dangerous. If such considerations ought to be allowed to influence the Middlesex Magistrates, they may very fairly go much further. If it should so happen that a majority of the Bench were High Churchmen, or Secularists, or Romanists, they might refuse a license to Exeter Hall itself, and not unreasonably, on the ground that they entertained conscientious objections to the false doctrines taught and avowed there. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Mr. POWNALL, chairman for the Middlesex Magistrates, and one of the proprietors of Exeter Hall, gives himself a license for Exeter Hall, in which Dr. PERFIT thinks conscientiously that "corrupt principles" and very false doctrines are taught. Where is all this to stop? The Middlesex Magistrates entertain no general objections, as a great many right-minded people do, to giving a music license to buildings in which religious services are held. They license Exeter Hall, the Britannia Theatre, and Sadler's Wells. What they do is to reserve to themselves the right to prescribe and dictate what sort of religious services they shall exceptionally license and authenticate, and what sort they shall punish and forbid. What they claim is to be judges of orthodoxy; what they do is exactly what was done before the Toleration Act was passed. Are we wrong in saying that we have a very active Synod and very zealous guardians of the faith in the intelligent laity?

#### THE LATE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

THE death of the Duke of NEWCASTLE, though it had long been expected, cannot but produce a painful impression. The vigorous longevity of the older generation of living statesmen adds to the strangeness of the fatality which has removed almost all their natural successors. The Duke of NEWCASTLE was born two years after Lord PALMERSTON took office, and he was still in the nursery or the schoolroom when Lord JOHN RUSSELL entered Parliament. His own career was marked out for him by his rank, and while he enjoyed the many advantages of high station, he diligently and conscientiously performed through life the corresponding duties. With fair abilities cultivated to an average standard, he was more remarkable for character than for intellectual capacity. Many of his more brilliant colleagues and contemporaries were also more liable to be misled by crotchets and to be frightened by responsibility; but the Duke of NEWCASTLE could always be trusted to form a straightforward judgment, and to act on his convictions. He was almost the only follower of Sir ROBERT PEEL who foresaw, from the moment of the Conservative disruption, the necessity of the Liberal alliance which

was ultimately concluded in 1852. After his retirement from the Cabinet during the Crimean campaign, while Sir JAMES GRAHAM, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT threw themselves into violent opposition, the Duke of NEWCASTLE steadily supported the Government and the war. He once boasted, with modest vanity, that he had often succeeded in keeping out of mischief persons whom he allowed to be his superiors in ability. Courage and honesty are intellectual as well as moral gifts, and common sense is not the commonest of qualities. Integrity of purpose, combined with ordinary clearness of understanding, is a better guide than subtle originality in the determination of practical conduct. The Duke's administrative faculty was perhaps scarcely equal to his political judgment. He possessed energy, self-reliance, and untiring industry; but he shared with contemporaries more accomplished than himself the defect of an imperfect judgment of the capacities of others, and consequently he never succeeded in surrounding himself with able coadjutors. According to the homely proverb, it is foolish in a man to keep a dog and to bark himself, and a Minister ought as seldom as possible to do what can be equally well done by his subordinates. At the War Office, which was and is the worst organized of all public departments, the Duke of NEWCASTLE attempted the hopeless task of remedying the universal confusion by involving himself in the management of details which were the proper business of others. He would perhaps have occupied with credit the place of First Minister, if he had been supported by a strong Cabinet, which might always have relied with confidence on his perfect loyalty to his colleagues. While he was still young, on the recall of Lord ELLENBOROUGH, Sir R. PEEL intimated his intention of appointing him to the office of Governor-General of India, which was eventually bestowed on Sir HENRY HARDINGE. Several years afterwards he would probably have held the post, if private reasons had not compelled him to decline or discourage the offer.

Like several of his political associates, the Duke of NEWCASTLE began life as an hereditary Tory, and the sincerity of his subsequent conversion was above all suspicion. The Whigs adopted free trade a few years or months before Sir R. PEEL and his followers, and both parties yielded to the force of irresistible arguments. The change, however, presented to the Whigs the only chance of coming into office, and to the seceding Conservatives the only risk of losing it. The awkward and tortuous manner of reversing the former policy of the party was the exclusive fault of Sir ROBERT PEEL. His younger adherents would have been more candid in speech, though they could not have been bolder in action. The temporary unpopularity which they incurred entailed no overwhelming sacrifice on the heir of a dukedom in the prime of life; but Lord LINCOLN, under a mistaken sense of duty, undertook the painful task of contesting, in opposition to his father, the county which he had previously represented as his nominee. After the fall of the Government, he steadily adhered during the remainder of his life, not only to the doctrine of free-trade, but to the liberal opinions with which it was naturally associated. He was not old enough to have shared in the admission of Roman Catholics to full civil rights, but when the silly Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was promoted by a party which despised its own servility to the demands of a vulgar mob, the Duke of NEWCASTLE, with the section of politicians to which he then belonged, protested vigorously and ably against the attempted infringement of religious liberty. He always sympathized with the progress of freedom in different Continental countries, and, when he visited America as the official guardian of the Prince of WALES, he was not embarrassed by any prejudice against Republican institutions. When the Russian war broke out, he was one of the few members of the higher aristocracy and of the Cabinet who heartily shared the national feeling, and who, after the beginning of the contest, thought it expedient and necessary to inflict the utmost possible damage on the enemy. Although he bore the brunt of the subsequent popular dissatisfaction with the conduct of the war, many of the disasters which occurred would have been averted by the adoption of his advice.

It happened unluckily that, in the Coalition Ministry, all the offices most immediately connected with the war were occupied by the former colleagues of Sir ROBERT PEEL. As it was known that Lord ABERDEEN had earnestly deprecated the rupture, and as Mr. GLADSTONE advertised on all occasions his dislike to the cause, it was not unnaturally assumed that the Minister who was charged with the conduct of the war was also lukewarm in the discharge of his duties. Some of his colleagues countenanced the rumour, or abstained from contradicting it, having perhaps some reason for complaint in the Duke of NEWCASTLE's determination to retain the War



Department. The duties had been annexed to the Colonial Office more than half a century before, solely because the Secretary of State for the Colonies, having little else to do, had large patronage which might be made available for deserving officers. When it was properly determined, in 1854, to divide the offices, the Duke of NEWCASTLE would have been well advised in contenting himself with the Colonial Department, and in leaving the War Office to be administered with the aid of Lord PALMERSTON's great ability and wide political influence. Having made his choice, the SECRETARY for WAR was left to provide for the public service with little support from his colleagues. The Cabinet had already refused to supply, on his recommendation, a sufficient reserve, and his partial failure was regarded in some quarters with ungenerous complacency. His chief, who was popularly denounced on the charge of starving the war, was almost his only cordial supporter. Lord ABERDEEN's weakness or excessive caution had been the principal cause of the rupture, but no Minister was more incapable of a perfidious dereliction of duty, and the Duke of NEWCASTLE, to the end of his life, bore witness to the readiness with which Lord ABERDEEN had uniformly aided his efforts and supplied his demands. His official gratitude was not diluted by any necessity for extending it in other directions. The burst of indignation which was provoked by the sufferings of the Crimean army in the winter of 1854 was as inevitable as it proved to be irresistible. It was easy to foresee that the SECRETARY for WAR would be driven from office, though no ordinary imagination could have divined the quarter from which the blow proceeded, or the unprecedented manner in which it was delivered.

The Duke of NEWCASTLE felt his misfortune bitterly and permanently, and, long after full justice had been rendered to his services, he was troubled with a morbid fancy that he was still the object of extreme unpopularity. There has for some time been little difference of opinion as to the merits and defects of his administration. He was almost the only member of the Government who wished to carry on the war in earnest, and he was singly responsible for the expedition to the Crimea which brought the struggle to an issue. It was not his fault that the army was too weak in numbers for its duties, but he may be charged with rashness for employing 30,000 men to do the work of double their number. The comparative efficiency of the department under Lord PANMURE must be attributed almost exclusively to the exertions of the Duke of NEWCASTLE. Some of his appointments to high posts in the army were ill-judged, but his choice of Lord RAGLAN contrasts favourably with the reckless indifference of the later nominations. His heart was so thoroughly in the business which he had been forced to abandon, that the first occupation of his compulsory leisure was a visit to the seat of war. Before his return to the Colonial Office, on the formation of Lord PALMERSTON's second Ministry in 1859, he had more than once refused office. In the meantime he found employment for his energies in the management of his great estate; and he sunk—at enormous expense, and in defiance of numerous prophecies of failure—the most easterly coal-pit which has yet been opened in England. Though he was never a rich man, he was an active improver of his property, and he was especially attentive to the extension of cottage accommodation. Nor ought his labours on the Education Commission to be forgotten in any estimate of his character and public services. He was equally assiduous and liberal in the discharge of his duties as a local magnate, and he had the advantage of sharing the tastes for farming, for hunting, and for shooting which become an English country gentleman. No man was more respected, and few were better liked in all ranks of society. In manner, in character, and in all his habits, he was essentially a manly man. If his conversation was not remarkable for elevation or originality, a statesman who has dealt with conspicuous men and with great affairs for thirty years can never be at a loss for anecdote and information. His character, as well as his undisputed position, exempted him from all tendency to presume upon his rank. He was fully aware that a duke whose ancestors had sat for nearly six centuries in the House of Lords could not attribute his success in life exclusively to his own personal merits. He always spoke of Sir ROBERT PEEL, who had first introduced him into public life, with gratitude and respect. When he exercised the privilege of criticizing his contemporaries, he was always willing to recognise their possession of eloquence or of other qualities to which he made no pretension. Ordinary acquaintances were as secure in his company from condescension as from arrogance. It is some compensation for the alleged inconveniences of an aristocratic society that English Ministers and political leaders are almost always gentlemen.

As a Colonial Minister, the Duke of NEWCASTLE carried out

on every occasion the principle of conceding to the colonies the entire control of their own affairs. He was probably too sanguine in his expectation that English liberty and order could be reconciled with universal suffrage and with other democratic institutions; but the change of Imperial policy could not have been long deferred, and it was desirable that inevitable concessions should be made with graceful readiness. His successors will have to deal with the unforeseen consequences of responsible government conducted by irresponsible politicians. Downing Street, however, has largely reduced its own importance by denuding itself of the greater part of its power. As a member of the Cabinet, the Duke of NEWCASTLE was generally inclined to support the more liberal section of his colleagues, but he had of late little opportunity of political action. Although he had no pretensions to greatness, his premature death has left a vacancy, in public and social life, which few of his survivors are equally competent to fill.

#### THE TWO SIDES OF CRITICISM.

THE publication of Dr. Newman's *Apologia* gave occasion to many criticisms of very different characters, some very good and some very bad; but those that were worth anything presented very conspicuous instances of the two main directions in which criticism works. The occasion was one exactly calculated to draw out the difference between them. To one class of critics the book was a wonderful revelation of the inner history of a remarkable man, and it enabled them to understand, more than any book had done before, the true spirit of Ultramontanism at its best—not the Ultramontanism of French religious circles and conventual establishments, but the Ultramontanism of thinkers. Thus the book offered singular attractions to those critics whose way of thinking led them in the direction of sympathetic criticism. It had a marvellous biographical interest, and it gave the key to the feelings and thoughts of many men whose works it is quite worth while for any critic to understand. On the other hand, there were critics of a high order who saw in this book nothing but the exposure of the sophisms with which an ingenious man had managed to beguile himself at successive stages of his life. The thoughts it contained were not true thoughts; the assumptions which Dr. Newman put forward would not stand; there was a want of honest, direct thought in what he said, and therefore the book was utterly distasteful to them. Judicial criticism found as much to condemn in its pages as sympathetic criticism found to approve, and the difference between judicial and sympathetic criticism was as well illustrated as it could have been. That there are these two directions of criticism, and that each has its value, is a point very desirable to remember when we study the relations of writers on books to those by whom the books are written. It is true that there have been some critics who have been equally great in both directions, but they have been exceedingly few. Ordinarily, a critic is inclined to be either judicial or sympathetic; and sometimes there is a fashion in criticism, and the criticism of a whole period is either one or the other in a very preponderating degree. Every one would say that the criticism of the old *Edinburgh Review* in the days of Jeffrey and Sydney Smith was judicial. Every one would say that the criticism of the time when Mr. Carlyle's writings most affected the ablest of his younger contemporaries was sympathetic. At the present time, perhaps, critics are judicial or sympathetic rather according to the bias of their minds than in deference to the authority of any leader in their art. And criticism can be excellent in either line. No critic, of course, can have much turn for his art who is not capable of being sometimes judicial and sometimes sympathetic. But he will probably, unless he is either commonplace or very superior, move in one line mainly. What we wish to point out is that excellence is possible in each. A criticism on such a book as the *Apologia* may be just and true, although it is chiefly devoted to an admiring exposition of the mode in which the thoughts of the writer are revealed. A judicial criticism may be just and true, although it recalls a susceptible and imaginative writer to the domain of logic, and shows his weakness there. The ideal criticism would be equally judicial and sympathetic; but we cannot get ideal criticism, and when we take the best we can get, we shall find that it has a leaning to one side or the other.

In judging of any considerable mass of literature like that of critical literature, it ought to be an invariable rule only to take favourable specimens. We learn nothing either about criticism or about books from mere foolish criticism, whether its folly takes the line of being judicial or sympathetic. A mere Protestant tirade against Dr. Newman is as useless and repulsive to read as a Roman Catholic puff of him. We must put aside carping criticism on the one hand, and gushing criticism on the other, and take good examples. Lord Jeffrey is perhaps the best instance that can be given of a judicial critic. His style, judged by the taste of the present day, was ponderous and cumbersome in his solemn and pet passages, and he was not free from a fancy that he had found out a new Scotch theory of the Beautiful. But in the main he was a great critic—lively, versatile, clear, and reasonable. Even in his worst reviews he was never absurd or wholly wrong. Probably most modern readers would consider his *Essays* on Wordsworth's poetry as the

worst. He does not seem to have had any capacity for seeing the real sense in which Wordsworth was a poet. But still the points he takes are not badly chosen. Many of the things he objects to are objectionable. Many of the faults he urges against Wordsworth's style are very justly urged. Wordsworth was often pompous and often prosy, and he often used language which meant nothing, although perhaps its very want of meaning, coupled with its hazy form, was not without a poetical suggestiveness. And here we are taking Jeffrey at his worst, and looking at essays tinged beyond all the others with the defect of not exhibiting any sympathy with the excellences of writers he disliked. As a specimen of sympathetic criticism, we may take the elaborate and admirable criticism of Wordsworth which has lately appeared in the pages of the *North British Review*, and which gives in a moderate compass all that an ardent and yet sensible admirer of Wordsworth has to say about his favourite poet. There may be perhaps a want of the judicial faculty in it. The critic can scarcely find any other subject of regret with regard to Wordsworth than that, in later life, he corrected some of his earlier poems for the worse, and that he did not introduce theology with more profuseness. Some of Wordsworth's poems, too, appear to us far too much praised. But on the whole this essay is one of the best specimens of sympathetic criticism that can easily be found, and has much that is new and delightful in it, even to very old readers of Wordsworth. We get a very different, and a much fuller and truer, notion of Wordsworth from it than that which Lord Jeffrey gives us; but the two together give a juster notion than either separately. We should get no conception of the beauty and pathos of the stories of the *Excursion* from Lord Jeffrey; but we should not learn from the *North British* how prolix and pretentious the *Excursion* is in its worst parts—that is, in three-fourths of the whole—and how very few of the best parts are wholly free from prolixity and pretentiousness.

It may perhaps be conceded that it is, on the whole, better that a writer should err on the side of sympathy. He ordinarily learns more by entering into the meaning and feeling of the author than if he set himself to judge and find fault with him. But it is far too frequently assumed at the present day that sympathetic criticism is the only criticism worth having. It is said that, when a critic begins to criticize, he must do a variety of things more or less gushing. He must look with reverent eyes straight into the soul of the man, he must everywhere see the human and love it, he must be very fond of true greatness, and be as a valet to whom heroes are heroic. Some of the very worst criticism ever written has been the result of commonplace people blindly obeying these mysterious injunctions; and therefore the dangers or weak points of sympathetic criticism are worth noticing, although, wherever judicial criticism grows exaggerated and rampant, it is equally useful and equally lawful to dwell on the great merits which sympathetic criticism undoubtedly has. In the first place, sympathetic criticism is apt to be very capricious. If we are to choose an author, and then insist on loving him and looking into his soul, it appears sometimes a matter of chance who the author chosen may be. And then we have no means of checking the process. The critic tells us that he has looked into the soul of his man and learnt to love him, and we are obliged to own we have not. But still we have an uneasy feeling that this ought not quite to settle the matter. When we otherwise admire the author, and also admire the skill and style of the critic, the criticism carries us along with it. When Mr. Carlyle is writing of Walter Scott, or Burns, or perhaps Cromwell, we know something of the men of whom he is writing, and regard them already with something of admiration and respect. When he looks with loving eyes into their souls, and tells us what he sees there, we are pleased, and willingly accept his account. But Mr. Carlyle has looked with loving eyes into some souls whom we do not come prepared to love. He has lately, in the language of the school he has formed, seen the human and the loveable in the soul of Frederick the Great, and has called on the general public to welcome the revelation of what he has found there. But most of his readers find it very hard to obey. The facts he has to tell show us conclusively that Frederick was human enough, for *humanum est errare*, but they scarcely show that he was loveable. To this, however, the extreme upholders of sympathetic criticism would reply, that in judging of a great man we must not go by little trivial facts, but that it is all a question of soul comprehending soul. Then, again, sympathetic criticism is apt to become very discursive. If a critic sets himself to see into a soul, how is he to do it? What practical steps can a person take who wants, we will say, to look into the soul of Akenside? Obviously he cannot look into the sky, or the fire, or a bowl of clean water, and there see Akenside's soul, nor can he do better by shutting his eyes and thinking. But there are two practical steps he can take. He can get all the portraits and engravings that the most disputable authorities pronounce to be likenesses of Akenside, and he can compare them and stare at them until he sees a meaning in Akenside's eyes and nose and under-lip. Or, again, he can ferret out a series of minute facts supposed to relate more or less closely to Akenside—such as the name of his mother, where she was born, and whether her father or grandfather was in easy circumstances for his station in life; and by gathering together a mass of such information he can flatter himself that he shows conclusively his reverence. The consequence is that when sympathetic criticism takes the form of biography, as it very often does, it very easily leads to a most wearisome accumulation of irrelevant

statistics, and to speculations on the character decipherable in the lines of the author's face.

Further, it is among the great defects of sympathetic criticism that it conduces to a want of proper regard both for truth and for principle. It is a much more entertaining and a much more brilliant performance to look into a man's soul than to form and express a correct estimate of him. That others should not be able to follow the process is a great temptation to pursuing it wrongly. That a critic may have formed an opinion which he cannot altogether justify does not, indeed, show as a matter of course that this opinion is wrong, for the critic may have a real power of seizing the truth of things which he cannot explain to those who have not got it. But, at any rate, he loses a most valuable check upon himself when he takes steps which others cannot follow. He may be very likely to fancy that he sees the truth of things, while his fancy is a mere fancy. The vague language of approval, too, which is conveniently and properly bestowed on many good things by classes of persons, is sometimes interfered with very advantageously. Judicial criticism comes in to clear the ground, and make persons have an intelligible meaning. With the Bishop of Natal as a theologian we have nothing to do, but as a writer he appears to us to have done a very useful service by insisting that judicial criticism shall be recognised as having a sphere of its own, and that sympathetic criticism shall not be held to settle everything. It cannot be without effect on departments of literature very remote from theology that a conspicuous person should put before the public a very plain issue, and should refuse to be silent because the sympathetic criticism of archbishops and bishops is against him. It might perhaps be easy to show that, if the method of Bishop Colenso were carried too far, judicial criticism in its turn would be too dominant. But, at present, sympathetic criticism has far too much the best of it, not only in theological writings viewed on their literary side, but in many others where the prevailing habit of mind exhibited is like that exhibited in theology. The Bishop of Natal starts a very simple issue. He says, "I can prove that the Pentateuch was written at various times, by various authors." He may be right or wrong, and it may make a very great—or, as we should prefer to guess, a very little—difference if he was right. But, at any rate, sympathetic criticism cannot settle the point; and it shows how much the minds of Englishmen must have been enfeebled by sympathetic criticism, that so very many persons should trust to sympathetic criticism for the settlement of such a matter. This is only a symptom of the present state of criticism in England. It errs on the side of being too pliable and appreciative, not sufficiently hard-headed, trenchant, and logical. As we have said, we think this is better than to err on the other side; but still we want more judicial criticism, not of a petty, or carping, or cynical kind, but unsparing, based on evidence, and appealing to fixed principles.

#### POLITICAL PREDICTION.

THE followers of the school which counts Mr. Buckle amongst its most outspoken, if not amongst its soundest, prophets, maintain that history is capable of being reduced to an exact science. The data from which it starts may, they think, be more complicated, the varying play of forces more hopelessly intricate, but its problems differ in nothing but this complexity from the simpler questions lying within the province of the natural philosopher. If only we possessed a calculus potent enough to determine the result of an infinite number of bodies acting upon each other in an infinite number of ways, we might prophesy in politics with the same confidence with which we prophesy in astronomy. Making that trifling concession, we could tell who would be President of the United States next March, and over what States he would preside, as certainly as we can assign the position of the bodies of the solar system. An occasional military genius might blaze up like an ill-regulated comet, but his powers of attraction would probably be too small to put our calculations seriously out of joint. If this be too brilliant a prospect for the faith of the most ardent disciple, we might at least hope in politics to rival Admiral Fitzroy in meteorology. We might point out an approaching storm in Italy, and calculate how long it would take to reach Ireland; our signals might warn the trustful stockjobber not to venture too far to sea in stormy weather; and if one prediction came approximately right out of four, we might claim, with some probability, to have rivalled the admiral.

An ingenious objection has, indeed, been raised to such pretensions on the very threshold. You never can foretell events, it is said, because the fact of foretelling them would frequently prevent their occurrence. You may prophesy that a comet will come back a hundred years hence, and it will neither stay away to spite you nor return to please you. But, if an observer of political signs could have told four years ago how much blood would by this time have been shed on American ground, the Southern States might have shrunk from secession, or the Northern from coercion. If it were possible to foretell where we should fall, we should very often refrain from leaping. The objection is about on a level with the puzzle of the Cretan who said that all Cretans were liars. At most it would be only a reason why the truth could not be published beforehand, not a reason why it could not be known. But it will probably be some time before a race of seers arises the fulfilment or avoidance of whose prophecies will furnish a much stronger motive to the public than it is to the comets.



The question, in this shape, is a purely speculative one, which requires the investigator to tread carefully for fear of metaphysical traps and pitfalls as to fate, fore-knowledge, and free-will. Into those difficulties we have no desire to enter. But there is a humbler kind of foresight, with no sort of scientific pretensions, and entirely independent of those discussions for which Milton found a fitting parliament—the foresight popularly attributed to statesmen and historians. It is not uninteresting to inquire within what limits such foresight is possible. It is often claimed in such a reckless way, and for such haphazard shots, that one is sometimes inclined to doubt whether all political prophecies are not mere shooting at random. The most remarkable thing is, that historians who entirely repudiate any relation between science and history are often most rash at venturing on predictions. There is for example, or was, a respectable, if not intelligent, school of writers who considered the French revolution to have been an unprovoked mysterious outburst of diabolical spirit, without assignable cause except the general wickedness of mankind accidentally breaking out, like waters over a dam. Such men used to delight in saying that, if Robespierre's silk stockings had not been splashed as he was crossing a street in his youth, "the whole course of history" (to use the regular phrase) "would have been different." We forget the steps by which it was shown that Robespierre would then not have been a republican, and the King's head would not have been cut off, and everybody would have lived very happily—unless, indeed, some other man's stockings had been splashed. The philosophic Jefferson, in the same spirit, said that the liberation of all mankind was owing to a twopenny duty on tea—the twopenny duty on tea having caused the American War of Independence, the American war having excited the French revolution, and the French revolution having resulted (according to him) in the production of a heaven upon earth. On this theory, carried to extremes, the world would be nothing but a big powder-magazine, with a mixture of lucifer-matches, ready to go off in unexpected directions at any moment. The sparks conveyed by twopenny duties on tea, or by splashes on gentlemen's stockings, might cause an explosion without a moment's warning. The opinion that unexpected catastrophes may happen at any time was certainly not in itself absurd, although it was absurd to think that a volcanic eruption like the French revolution could take place without such a confluence of combustible materials as could not long be in want of a match to light it. But it was frequently combined with an opinion logically incompatible with it. The same class of writers who delight in saying "that the whole course of history might have been different if," &c. &c., delight in another pet phrase—"All history teaches," &c. This generally prefaces the forcible application of some fanciful analogy between different periods and countries. Such an analogy, in which there is doubtless some superficial truth, was constantly drawn (till late events rather put it out of joint) between the English Rebellion, Restoration, and Revolution, and the parallel events in French history. The same men who argued as if the whole French system might be turned upside down at any moment, also argued as if some occult agency forced it to run in exactly the same grooves which England had followed a century and a half before. They fancied that there was a certain established order of development, in which a country went through its revolutions as regularly as a child goes through the measles. This might be true, but then it could not also be true that each separate symptom was the result of a set of accidents beyond all reach of calculation. The world may repeat its history in a series of cycles, or each separate event may go off like an unruly firework; but both statements cannot hold together. The fact is that a mind which is rash enough to accept either statement will be rash enough to accept both, even though they are incompatible. Meanwhile, these hasty guesses throw discredit upon more rational claims.

The most satisfactory vindication of such claims would be made by establishing the fact that the statesman or philosopher had really foretold some approaching convulsion before it was revealed to the dimmer sight of ordinary mortals. The outbreak of the present American war was a good chance for political prophets. The surface had been so smooth, up to the very last plunge, as to conceal the danger from merely superficial observers. At the same time, forces of such intensity must have been at work underneath that their action might have been foretold even by men not engaged in fulfilling their own prophecies. A great many such forebodings have been quoted and held up as proofs of marvellous sagacity. The fact is, however, that the bare prophecy that secession would some day be attempted was one that no thoughtful man could well help making from the day the first Confederacy was formed. The eccentric prophecy would have been the opposite one. When, with great difficulty, thirteen States had been induced to form a partnership, there were clearly only two things to be said—either they would stick to it or they would dissolve it. For a long time after the Union began, the chances seemed greatly in favour of dissolving it. For years afterwards, and at every epoch of great excitement, the word "secession" was muttered more or less plainly. Moreover, not only the approaching fissure, but the line along which it must spread, was unmistakably marked. Hence, before we can allow a man's claim to political second-sight on the strength of a bare prophecy of secession, he must enter into fuller details. It is perfectly safe to say, with regard to any given line of railway, that there will some day be a fearful collision on it between an excursion and a goods train. A genuine prophet should give us the day and hour, and

the number of victims. Now most of these professed examples of "deep political insight" are little more than indications of a sense of danger from the diverging interests and character of North and South. That such a divergence existed was made palpable even in the first attempts to launch the Union. We require some more definite prevision of the exact course and character of the struggle. The man to whom we should instinctively look for such a proof of sagacity is undoubtedly De Tocqueville. The publication of his work formed of itself an epoch in philosophical history. If any one could speak with authority on such a subject, De Tocqueville's voice should have incomparably the greatest weight. Now, in the *Démocratie en Amérique*, he carefully discusses the chances of duration of the American Union. The conclusion to which he comes is summed up in these words:—"It appears to me certain that, if one portion of the Union seriously wished to part from the other, not only would it be impossible to prevent it, but *no attempt even would be made to prevent it.*" It is really a curiosity of literature that an observer at once so keen and so cautious should have ventured on a prophecy which has been so startlingly falsified. We cannot fully examine the process by which De Tocqueville arrived at such an unfortunate conclusion, but a few words may indicate the general nature of his argument. He carefully compares what we may call the centripetal and centrifugal forces. After explaining with great force the reasons which will generally make the State Governments objects of more intimate and less remittent interest than the Federal authority, he enumerates the chief motives which tend to attract or repel them from each other. Thus, for example, the obvious commercial advantages of union tend to approximation. But the disintegrating forces are, he thinks, the most energetic. Slavery acts not so much by producing a difference of material interests as by modifying the Southern character, and causing a discontinuity of those symptoms which bind together homogeneous societies. Another disuniting force is due to the incessant and rapid displacement of population. The constant gravitation of power to the North and West is always giving rise to jealousies and irritation amongst the remaining States. Having pointed out the elements of the question, he confirms his deductions by proving that the Federal power had, in fact, been growing gradually weaker from its foundation till the time of his writing—namely, soon after the Nullification troubles in South Carolina.

All the considerations adduced are doubtless of great importance. Every line shows how carefully De Tocqueville had weighed and balanced them. But it is unfortunately just when he comes to the critical and decisive motive that his vigilance breaks down. The Americans, he says, talk much of their patriotism; but it is that kind of patriotism which is founded on reflection and interest, and will probably fail when interest seems to point another way. The Union is, indeed, he admits, worked into the popular creed to some extent. If left to itself it might gradually perish from inanition, but an internal crisis might at any moment produce a vigorous reaction. These remarks incline one to suppose that, with all his sagacity, De Tocqueville could not quite penetrate that veil which always hides the motives of a foreign race even from an acute vision. The Frenchman could not place himself quite *en rapport* with the Anglo-American. He failed to appreciate the extraordinary energy of that strangely compounded sentiment of patriotism and self-glorification so conspicuous in the American character. Every man on the American continent, as we believe, repeats a catechism every morning, giving the anticipated results of future censuses and the population that in every consecutive decade will fill the valley of the Mississippi. The Union is manifestly a preliminary condition of the fulfilment of the dreams which have intoxicated a whole nation and modified their strongest characteristics. Hence comes that amazing fanaticism which places the preservation of the Union, above every other consideration, in the regions of absolute truth. No Mahomedan believes more energetically in his simple creed than the true-bred Yankee believes that there is but one Union, whose prophet just now is "Old Abe," and in whose honour the sacrifice either of slavery or of abolition would be mere unconsidered trifles. De Tocqueville's failure to allow properly for this fact vitiated his whole conclusion. It is a remarkable instance of the difficulties which beset political predictions. It should be a warning either never to predict at all (incomparably the safest plan), or to fence round your predictions with exceptions and conditions enough to cover your retreat. "There is great virtue in an 'if.'"

The conclusion to which this failure points is something to this effect. It takes a very sagacious and keen observer merely to point out the forces whose action is really important—to leave out none whose weight is really likely to be felt, and to admit none that are merely fanciful. The vast interval which separates the political philosophy of De Tocqueville from that of the writers of whom we previously spoke may be measured by the extent to which he satisfies these conditions. But it is generally beyond the power of any such observer to estimate the intensity of such forces so as to say what will be the result of a conflict between them with any approach to certainty. It is equally beyond his power to trace out the complicated reciprocal action by which they may be affected. And, in fact, until spirit-rapping is carried to an unexpected pitch of perfection, we need hardly fear that the drama of life will lose its interest because we shall know the catastrophe from the first scene.

## COLLEGES AND MONASTERIES.

THE apparition of Brother Ignatius at the Bristol Church Congress could hardly have produced greater amazement than must have been caused among students of ecclesiastical history by the great discovery announced by the *Times* in its comments on that singular scene. Brother Ignatius calls himself a Benedictine, a title which the *Times* thus translates:—"His one single note was a return to the rigour of the order founded by a Northumbrian gentleman rather early in the Heptarchy." The *Times* therefore thinks that the Benedictine order was "founded by a Northumbrian gentleman rather early in the Heptarchy." Now every one who has had much to do with teaching or examining knows that there is a class of minds of that elaborate perverseness that they will go wrong, even when going wrong involves much more trouble than going right. Small boys, if they are going along a road thirty feet wide, with two feet of it muddy, will always run into the two feet of mud rather than keep in the twenty-eight feet of dry ground. So people of the kind that we speak of will make a blunder, even when the right answer is plain before their noses, while the blunder involves a certain amount of research. It is said that a candidate for an Oxford scholarship once affirmed that William the Conqueror claimed the crown of England because he was "an illegitimate son of an illegitimate daughter of Edward the Confessor." The whole conclave marvelled; the more pious stood aghast at a *scandalum sanctorum* altogether without parallel. But a bystander who had poked further than they had into the queer places of history showed them whence the blunder came. There really was an absurd story—one of that large class in which a conquered people comfort themselves by claiming their conqueror as one of themselves—that William's mother was a daughter or granddaughter, not indeed of Edward the Confessor, but of his brother, Edmund Ironside. The unfortunate candidate knew too much, and fared accordingly; he knew those things which he ought not to have known, but he left unknown those things which he ought to have known. Had he not somewhere or other lighted on a story which few people ever heard of, he would not have been thus landed in one of the finest blunders on record. So, again, in a later number of the *Times* itself, we read, in the Correspondence from Denmark, that the Danish Princess who is going to marry a Russian Prince will have first to go to St. Petersburg to be instructed by "the chief Patriarch of the Greek Church." This writer knows that the Patriarchate is a dignity in the "Greek" Church; he knows, by the phrase "chief Patriarch," that there are more Patriarchs than one; he knows that Russia is the most powerful nation professing the "Greek" religion. Here is really a respectable amount of knowledge, but the knowledge really wanted is absent—the knowledge that the "chief Patriarch" lives not at St. Petersburg, but at Constantinople, and that Russia, just now, has no personal Patriarch at all. The writer who has undertaken to enlighten the world about Benedictines is clearly a kindred spirit. The origin of the Benedictine Order is one of the most familiar facts in ecclesiastical history. That Saint Benedict of Nursia lived in Italy in the sixth century is known to everybody who has read Milman's Latin Christianity, and, we should think, to a good many who have not. The thing is as plain and obvious as that William claimed the crown of England by the bequest of his cousin Edward. But to have heard of Benedict Biscop, who lived in Northumberland in the seventh century, required some special research, just like knowing the queer legend which made William a sort of Englishman. The *Times* is more unlucky in what it knows than in what it does not know; had the *Times* never heard of Benedict Biscop, it could never have made this most amusing blunder. A man who knew nothing of either Benedict, who simply knew the word Benedictine without thinking of its historical meaning, might easily have concealed his ignorance. But this unlucky half-knowledge, this knowledge of the obscure and ignorance of the obvious, is just the state of mind which cannot be hid. In one sense it is a gain. In the month of October, the *Times* is doubtless thankful for the escapade of Brother Ignatius; and we are equally thankful for the escapade of the *Times*.

The writer goes on:—"The merest tyro in history must acknowledge the immense benefits conferred by that order, which for a thousand years was perhaps the chief depository of learning in Christendom." Tyro, we may remark, with a *y*, is clearly kindred to sphynx, syren, and "diocess"; but never mind that; the subject would more naturally have suggested the word "novice," but then "novice" is somewhat less in the grand style than "tyro." Our point again is the chronology. Here is another period of a thousand years fully as perplexing as the Imperial reckoning of last week. As no one can tell when the imaginary "Heptarchy" began or ended, the date of "somewhat early in the Heptarchy"—the "one single note" given us by the *Times*—is as vague as a date may be. But Benedict Biscop, whom the *Times* believes to have founded the Benedictine order, really died in 699. The merest "tyro" in arithmetic can add a thousand years to that date, and land himself in the illustrious æra of William the Third and Louis the Fourteenth. It seems, then, that the chief depository of learning, down to the end of the seventeenth century, was in the hands of the Benedictine order. Of that order, no doubt, Erasmus and Grotius and Bacon and Selden and Milton, and countless others, were all devout members. Chronology and rhetoric, it seems, do not exactly harmonize either in the Tuileries or in Printing House Square. The geologists can afford

to throw about millenniums in this sort of way, but it does not do for those who deal with things which happened since the creation of man. We have always greatly admired Lord Byron's line on Venice—

Her thirteen hundred years of freedom gone.

History, arithmetic, and metre all fit so beautifully in to one another. But then Lord Byron knew his history, and knew how to count. One or other of those arts, it is clear, has found no place in the scheme either of Imperial or of Olympian education.

The blunders with which we have thus amused ourselves serve to introduce an article of silly scoffing about the question of Collegiate Churches raised at the Bristol Church Congress. It would be hardly worth notice except for one shrewd remark towards the end, which, when translated out of the jocular dialect of the *Times*, amounts to this—that a College for parochial purposes would exist only by the sufferance of the Incumbent, and that a new Incumbent might undo in a moment all that his predecessor had been doing for years. This is perfectly true, but it applies not only to the proposed Colleges, but to everything which any clergyman does in his church and parish. The Incumbents of parishes in the gift of Simeon's Trustees stand alone among the clergy in having some sort of security that their successors will not step in and make everything exactly as they would least wish to have it made. And this could be guarded against in no way except by a legal incorporation and endowment of the Colleges—a plan which would have its own disadvantages also. Such incorporated and endowed bodies have a great tendency to go to sleep, and they could hardly be incorporated and endowed without giving the inferior members of the society some legal rights as against its head. We know very well what an "institution" comes to—a sort of decorous mediocrity, very superior to what the worst individual will give us, but very inferior to what the best individual will give us. For some purposes this state of things is not amiss. There are several cathedral churches at this moment which would be far better managed if their present Deans had absolute power. But think whether we should have had anything at all left anywhere if the cathedrals had been left to individual caprice during the whole of the last century. The *vis inertiae* of a corporation hinders a great deal that is good, but it also preserves a great deal that is good, and hinders a great deal that is bad. But, in a parochial College of this sort, what is wanted is not *vis inertiae* but individual energy, and nothing is so likely to blight individual energy as a system of endowments, statutes, and the whole consequences of incorporation. Parishes are in this matter analogous to schools. Every one knows that in a school the Head Master must be absolute; his assistants must be of his own choosing, and be altogether at his disposal. Nothing is so great a curse to a school as an endowed Second Master, irremovable except for actual misconduct, and fully able, without such misconduct, to thwart all the Head Master's wishes. An incorporated parochial College would bring with it this danger, just as an unincorporated one would bring with it the danger pointed out by the *Times*.

In discussing the scheme, it is just as well that both its friends and its enemies should understand that what is proposed is something absolutely new. This is in itself no argument either for it or against it, but to recognise the fact will hinder many confusions and many false arguments both ways. When we say absolutely new, we mean that there has been nothing like it since the Church of England assumed anything at all like its present shape; there has been nothing like it, to use the Imperial and Olympian style, for a thousand years. We cannot profess to go back to those Hebrew Schools of the Prophets about which the *Times* has so much to tell us, or to the days when the Bishop lived with his Canons, with the diocese for his parish and his Canons for his curates. If this state of things ever existed at all, it was before the days even of Benedict Biscop. We mean that the proposed institutions would be quite unlike anything, parochial, collegiate, or monastic, which the settled and endowed Church of England has ever seen. Silly people of course would fancy any society of unmarried clergymen to be necessarily a society of monks. Where this sort of dense ignorance exists, argument is usually in vain. But it should be fully understood that the proposed "Collegiate Churches" would have nothing but the name in common with the institutions called by that name which were once very general both in England and in other parts of Christendom, and of which we have three or four still left. Such were the great foundations of Antwerp, Abbeville, Zürich, and Beverley; such are still those of Westminster and Windsor. These are churches which have a body of clergy, endowed and incorporated, attached to them. But their object was mainly ritual; often also, in some degree, educational; never parochial. The greater and richer foundations were like Cathedrals without Bishops; the smaller were hardly to be distinguished from chantries. But parochial objects were not contemplated. Sometimes the minister was not a parish church at all, and, when it was, the parochial charge was usually intrusted to some individual priest—a member of the foundation or not, as might happen. It was sometimes given to the highest, sometimes to the lowest, members of the body, sometimes to one not belonging to the society at all; it was never the great primary work of the society itself. Of these churches some—in England most of them—have wholly lost their collegiate character, and have sunk into ordinary parish churches. Others, especially in the Low Countries, have grown into Cathedrals. In two remarkable cases, Eton and Winchester, the educa-



tional element, very important from the beginning, has developed itself at the expense of every other; but there is none where a College exists, or ever existed, expressly or chiefly for parochial objects.

The proposed Colleges would have, as far as their object goes, more in common with the preaching Friars than with the ancient Collegiate bodies. But of course there would be the one essential difference that they would not be societies of Friars or of religious persons of any class, but simply of secular priests, bound by no vows or obligations beyond the ordinary ones of their calling. They would be the helpers of the parish priest, doing his work with him and for him, while the Friars were commonly the enemies of the parish priest, doing, in their better days, against his will, the work which he neglected. The proposed College, as we understand it, would simply be a Rector with several Curates, living together as long as they retained their relations to each other, bound by no vows and no rule, except such voluntary rules as are necessary to keep any society of people together. They would work one church or several churches, as might happen, dividing the duties as might be convenient. It is hard to see anything in this scheme so absurd on the face of it as the *Times* seems to think. Whether it would work practically can hardly be affirmed or denied till the scheme has had a fair trial, but it is surely worth trying. Undoubtedly, to work it successfully would require more than average zeal, and unluckily men with more than average zeal are ever and anon lacking in discretion. But the scheme is at least worth discussing in a rational spirit; if it is impractical or in any way objectionable, it must be proved to be so by better reasons than those who think that the mediæval clergy "had no books," and that Benedict Biscop founded the Benedictines. It may be an impracticable plan, and then, because it does not succeed, it may be stigmatized as foolish; but we shall not believe it to be so on the mere word of one who begins with a monstrous blunder and ends with a sorry joke.

#### LOVELY WOMAN.

IT is an interesting question, which most people of both sexes have to discuss when they begin to pass over middle life, how far it is legitimate to "make up." It may be objected that "legitimate" is too strong a word. But there undoubtedly are stern moralists who discern actual sin in the effort to be artificially beautiful. Arguing by merely logical ethics, it is not very difficult for them to make out their case. False hair and dyeing are distinctly meant to deceive; and the same must be said of padding and rouge. It is true that they may be, and are, generally done so badly that no one is deceived except very short-sighted people. But the character of the intention is not affected by the skill of the execution. For padding, and dyeing, and rouge, no defence whatever can be set up. They are clearly intended to obtain admiration on false pretences, and therefore amount to social swindling. They must place the consciences of those who have recourse to them in a very unpleasant dilemma. If a young lady, by dyeing her red hair brown, or her mud-coloured hair auburn, has succeeded in obtaining a place in some male heart, she must feel that she has been guilty of exactly the same offence in kind as that of the footman who has secured a good place of a more prosaic kind by the adventitious protuberance of his calves. On the other hand, if she obtains no success, she must be the victim of that specially poignant kind of remorse which visits those who have done wrong and have got nothing by it. There is more to be said in behalf of false hair, though the defence is sophistical in kind. The moralist has no plea to offer in behalf of "fronts," or "puffs," or "tails"; though, in regard to these latter, the precedent which is set by the horses of the Life Guards may seem to afford to the fair sex a kind of Government sanction for the immorality of which they are guilty. But they should feel some compunction on the score of fairness, if not of truthfulness. It is very hard that, while woman can conceal the dishonour of an unproductive scalp, science has furnished to her masculine rival no device for escaping the opprobrium which attaches to a scrubby beard or starved moustaches. The only difficulty which the casuist will meet with, who has to analyse the different shades of the capillary lie, will arise out of the wig. Middle-aged gentlemen who are detected in a wig before they have quite persuaded themselves that they are no longer young are very apt to pretend that they are afflicted with neuralgia in the ears, or rheumatism in the nose, or some other complaint which makes it a matter of necessity to keep their heads covered. In fact, evasions of this kind may be generally detected by a ghastly conscience-stricken effort on the part of the offender to gasp out the words—"directions of my medical man." When health obviously robust makes this resource unavailable, some hardened sinners are shameless enough to pretend that the flies settle upon their scalps. A director who had to deal with cases of this kind would probably compromise the matter by prescribing some form of wig which could not possibly contribute to the beautification of the wearer. Specimens of such an arrangement may often be seen upon old gentlemen, who almost advertise the exact nature of their cranial protection by putting a jet-black wig above white or sandy-haired whiskers. No doubt these party-coloured worthies have felt the ethical difficulty, and have settled the matter with their consciences in this way. False teeth are more difficult for the moralist to deal with, for their utility is beyond controversy. Occasionally it falls to the lot of luckless guests to sit next a lady who has been deprived by bad fate and worse

dentists of her real teeth, and is debarred by her principles from false ones. After two hours' effort to look animated and intelligent, and to say "yes" in the right place, the victim may well go away disgusted with principles for life. Perhaps the most truly virtuous plan is that which was adopted by an upright Scotch provost, who felt that it was wrong to sacrifice either his principles or his friends, and therefore always kept his teeth upon his table, and only put them in when he wished to indulge in conversation. As the operation was always lengthy, and occasionally unsuccessful, his daughter would sit by and restrain the impatience of any thoughtless visitor by the observation, "Please, air, to sit awhile till father has made his teeth tight."

But the question of taste is perhaps more difficult to adjust than that of morals. There is an inconsistency in the standard applied for which it is not easy to account. Why is false hair a very pardonable offence, and false colour a deadly crime? No lady would mind acknowledging to a friend of her own sex that she was not indebted to the bounty of nature for all her luxuriant burden of hair. But lives there the woman so bold that she would confess to the rouge-pot, even before her most intimate friend? There are a good many very respectable women who would prefer to hear that some scandalous story was being circulated about them rather than have it popularly believed that they painted. It is very likely that this feeling will not last. An under-current of feeling seems to be setting in upon this momentous subject, but it has only got as far as people's actions, and has not yet affected the sentiments they profess in conversation. Any one, judging of the manners and customs of the women of England merely from what he hears them say, would imagine that paint was an utter abomination. But there are painful indications that the forbidden thing is not quite so strange to them as they would have people believe. Any one who is curious on these subjects should study the price-lists of some of the fashionable perfumers. They contain a mine of information concerning what a German would call the *Genesis* of female beauty. It has become quite an art, in the ingenuity and elaboration of its detail; and, if we may judge by the results, a very successful art. To the poet or the sentimentalist it might be pleasanter to believe that the beautiful and delicate colouring that may be seen in any large gathering of English ladies was nature's spontaneous product. But perhaps it is more congenial to our national character, and to the qualities by which we have won our position, that we should owe nothing to nature's bounty, and everything to our own ingenuity and skill. The untaught male studying one of these lists is like a savage who has been carried over the ocean to see a civilized land. He cannot advance a step without being moved to wonder by the minute refinement which is implied by everything that meets his eye. Let us take up one of them, and by its aid follow the manufacture of loveliness in all its stages, as practised in the second half of the nineteenth century. The first point, of course, to obtain is cleanliness; in regard to this matter, we regret to say, the information afforded is not wholly satisfactory. On such a point, a perfumer's notions may be expected to differ from those of a sanitary reformer. The first preparation the English beauty employs is

Cold Cream Soap.—This Soap being prepared without Alkali, renders it exceedingly mild.

So we should imagine. To judge by other senses than our eyes, we should infer that "cold cream soap" was extensively employed by many classes of Her Majesty's subjects. But, at all events, it calls itself a soap, and to that extent may claim superiority over

Florimel of Ivy.—No young Spanish girl considers her Toilet Case complete unless it contains a jar of Ivy Paste, which she has good reason to know is a sure conserve of beauty. The excessive growth of Ivy (wild) on the Spanish Pyrenees is scarcely sufficient to supply the markets of Madrid, Barcelona, and St. Sebastian. Large quantities are obtained from Bayonne, the young and tender leaf alone being employed. The Florimel is a perfect substitute for soap; ladies who use it will not require that detergent.

No doubt a Spanish girl would not suffer very much in her mind if it was not a perfect substitute, as she has probably in most cases never heard of "that detergent." But the vigour of the imagination which could conceive the idea of washing with ivy paste instead of soap approaches to the verge of genius. No doubt the ingenuity of the efforts made to rescue ladies from the unpleasant necessity of washing will be rewarded by an abundant popularity. Any lady, however, who is of opinion that these preparations approach too nearly in their character to the detested "detergent," has another resource, free from the most distant suspicion of detergent qualities:—

Pestachio Nut Meal, 3s. lb.—An excellent substitute for Soap for Tender Skin.

But the skin must undergo other manipulations before it is fit for the paint, in order to confer qualities upon it whose value is no doubt known to the initiated:—

Milk o. Pestachio Nuts, for imparting voluté to the complexion.

Lait de Concombre, for Freckles.

Oriental Rusma, to remove Hair.

Cosmetic Vinegar, for cooling and softening the Skin.

Arsenical Lotion (Imported from Styria, Lower Austria).—This Lotion gives beauty and freshness to the Complexion, plumpness to the Figure, clearness and softness to the Skin.

In case this somewhat formidable preparation should fail to give sufficient "plumpness to the figure," there is a resource, more venerable in its associations, of whose full powers the readers of the Book of Exodus are probably not aware. We commend the

matter to the attention of Dr. Colenso, as a fit subject for the exertions of his powerful mind:—

Sinai Manna.—When eaten this has the effect of imparting *embonpoint*. 12s. 6d. lb.

It is a pity that Mr. Herbert was ignorant of this remarkable fact, as it might have aided him in the delineation of his female figures. We hope Mr. Banting will be careful to warn some of his pupils, who may be travelling to the East, of the dangers they run. After all this careful preparation, the skin may be looked upon as ready for the paint-brush, or, rather, the hare's-foot:—

Sympathetic Blush, for Pallid Cheeks.  
Powder Bloom, fair and dark.  
Finest Rouge.—This is the colouring precipitated from the Damask Rose Leaf.  
Blanc de Perle.  
Bleu pour Veines.  
Dark Coral Lip Salve.  
Rouge de Plesse, does not wash off.

We should have thought the last precaution was superfluous. The cheeks and lips having been thus elaborated *secundum artem*, the laborious beauty addresses herself to the decoration of her eyes. The next list has rather an alarming look, and shows that the fair artist must possess courage as well as taste:—

Persian Antimony, for the Eyelashes, with Ivory Probe, 3s. 6d.  
Egyptian Kohl, for the Brows and Lashes, 10s.  
Henna, from Persia (for the inside of the Eyelid).  
Belladonna, imparts brilliancy and fascination to the Eyes, 2s. 6d.

Such aids to the toilet must form an admirable safeguard for feminine modesty. It would be a perilous matter to make too free with a lady so poisonously beautified; an ill-placed kiss might be fatal to the enterprising adorer. One or two supplementary charms may be added at discretion:—

Nail Powder, Poudre pour Polir les Ongles, et leur donner le brillant de la nacre rosée.  
Unguents Odoratissima, for Princesses, 7s. jars.

From the language in which this last item is described we may gather the interesting fact, unknown to political writers, that princesses require a superlative quantity of scent.

There is one other item in the list which does not at first sight seem germane to a perfumer's business:—

Secret or Sympathetic Ink, adapted for private correspondence.

What can the lovely creatures who owe a portion of their charms to this beauty-giving art want with "private correspondence"? And, if they should want it, do they make the perfumer from whom they purchase it, and who must guess at the reason for which they purchase it, the confidant—and something more—of their joys and longings? If the tenderness which his heart evidently feels towards female weaknesses should prompt him to accept such confidences, it is only just that he should be repaid by such a tariff of prices as some of those that are charged at these shops.

#### DUTCH ART.

A SMALL collection of Dutch masterpieces, which Mr. Walter of Bearwood has kindly sent, for the public benefit, to the South Kensington Museum, affords so good an opportunity for returning to the question how the nineteenth century should fairly judge the seventeenth, that we are glad to take advantage of it. This question is one which, within the last fifteen or twenty years, has been not a little debated in England, where the Flemish school has long held what we are now inclined to call a traditional—perhaps a factitious—place in the estimate of connoisseurs; and it has, besides, this peculiar interest for us, that in its two main subjects—landscape and common life—the school coincides with the direction of our own art. What we have mainly added to it, in regard to classes of subject, is our picture of Incident—sentimental, satirical, or quasi-historical. And the almost total non-appearance of this element in the works of the Dutch painters accords, it will be found, with those leading characteristics of their style on which we wish to dwell.

Before passing to our criticism, let us, however, note that the Bearwood collection contains a few works of other origin. To the early German belongs a very careful and thoroughly painted portrait-group of two young ladies, by Lucas von Cranach. The girls are stiffly enough disposed, and the tight-fitting dresses of black and crimson, much enriched with gold, in which they are encased, add to the singularity of the design; but they have a great look of truth, and the details are beautifully finished. Their rings alone would furnish an excellent model for jewellery. A delicate and thoughtful figure of a man, with light air and brown eyes, is ascribed to Albert Dürer. It has a strong likeness to those poetical portrait-heads well known to the admirers of his etchings, although the making out of the features and hands exhibits less firmness and precision than might have been anticipated. And two little so-called religious pictures represent the period when Sassoferrato and Albano were treated as great artists—a position which, with several others, they mainly owed to their place as *ultimi Romanorum*, latest in a series which includes Giotto and Leonardo.

As these painters seem to us to have been overrated from the fact of their ending a mighty school, so we are inclined to think that the Dutch have gained in a like way from beginning one. When we reflect how much pleasure of high order and enduring quality the European world has received from landscape and from representa-

tions of ordinary human life, it is natural to feel a strong interest in those who, though unconsciously and imperfectly, introduced us to these pleasant regions. Yet if, forgetful that they were but novices taking uncertain steps, connoisseurs give them the praise due only to complete art, or presume to set these "old masters" above the far finer artists who, in France, Belgium, and England, have painted man and nature, a protest is due against such exaggeration. As an example of this, we may take the learned Dr. Waagen, who prefers Isaac Ostade to Turner, because the latter has not that "juicy impasto," that "marrowy execution" (to quote the horrid jargon of the thorough-bred connoisseur), of which a fine specimen will be found amongst the Bearwood collection. It is enough to stir the wrath of a man of taste when, after reading the doctor's *dicta*, he looks at such bough or cloud drawing, such dingy water and confused figure groups, as this picture shows, and compares Isaac Ostade with Turner. But it is not in this spirit that we can fairly judge these early masters. Useful as that famous comparison "Has Claude done this?" may be to check the fanaticism of mere connoisseurship, to consider only how great our advance has been would afford but a partial criticism on the earliest landscape and common-life painters. It will be more fair to try to judge them by the light of their own age; although our pleasure in their works, as distinct from our critical judgment, must ultimately depend in great measure on whether we think of them as inventors or as novices—whether we reflect only upon the "Dutch school" in antithesis to the religious and classical style which preceded it, or ask how far later genius has developed the style then initiated. People in the last century, and those in this who were formed under their influence, took the former point of view. It was, indeed, natural to judge so when real landscape and common life had been generally abandoned by art. This was the golden time of the Dutch school, of which we may in England select His Majesty George IV. as the most characteristic patron. That over-admiration should be followed by a counter-current of feeling was natural, and every one knows the brilliancy and power of the protest which it called forth from Mr. Ruskin. Yet that his appeal to the younger masters from the old—supported though it was, not only by a vast array of unanswerable facts, but by the general conviction of modern artists themselves, and of the present generation of spectators—has not yet altogether prevailed over the elder faith, we may find proof in such a book as Dr. Waagen's laborious *Art Treasures of England*. And those who think the Doctor much more distinguished for abundance of learning than of taste may discover a more convincing demonstration in the auction-room. Turner has painted, and *Modern Painters* has gone through several editions, yet Hobbima and Ruysdael have not, we are assured, fallen in that interesting market of which Messrs. Christie and Manson have long and honourably officiated as the presiding Ediles.

Sensible as we are of the weight of Mr. Ruskin's criticism, and convinced that the rapid production of excellent modern landscape and figure pictures in France and England will of itself inevitably redress over-admiration of the old, there is still much, if we calmly consider it, to explain and, in its degree, to justify the value once assigned to it. First in this scale we place the technical excellence of the Dutch artists, from whom we here, of course, exclude Rubens, Rembrandt, and Vandyke. There is simply no such palpable sunshine as Cuypp's. There is no such permeating daylight as De Hooghe's. Teniers, that sovereign of superficiality, has a lightness of touch, a power of putting in things at once, which, like that occasional breadth of handling in Jan Steen which Reynolds pronounced worthy of Raffaele, places him high amongst painters as such. Neither Jan Steen nor Teniers is seen to the best advantage in the Bearwood collection, and Cuypp is only represented there (we think) by his inferior imitators—Both, with his burnt-sienna foliage, and Van Stry, whose emptily-modelled surface and harshness of outline detract seriously from the merit of the fine golden tones of his atmosphere. Nor can we deny that two or three of the De Hooghes at the Hague and Amsterdam, with that masterpiece which Lord Ashburton possesses, bear out our remark more completely than Mr. Walter's "Garden Scene." Yet here the truth of relative tone in the château which occupies the centre of the canvas fairly deserves the epithet of marvellous; and there is a kind of restless transparency in the sky, a finish and brilliancy of tint about the figures (a grave cavalier playing at bowls, and other persons watching the game), which English art has rarely rivalled. A little interior, where a servant brings in a tray of fish to her aged mistress, who turns from her work to examine the question of dinner, is another beautiful example of delicate colour and careful finish. This bears the unfamiliar name of Brekelenkamp.

We have not, of course, exhausted the purely technical merits of the Dutch school. There is here a Paul Potter for instance, which, though wanting in depth, is an excellent specimen of how the hides of cattle may be, so to speak, modelled in paint—"rendered with a fat brush: obtained for the price of 1,210 guineas," says the enthusiastic Waagen. Turning, however, to the spirit or direction of their art, two qualities come forward prominently amongst those which have made the reputation of the Flemings. The highest of these is sincerity. So far as this quality is present, they deserve their fame. Among them were men who painted homely, who painted even coarse subjects, and that (as Jan Steen) without the attempt to point any moral by their tale—nay, without being apparently conscious that any moral existed. Men get drunk and vomit (even at a "Marriage in Cana"), or



women take bribes from elderly gallants, just as dogs bark or black-birds whistle. The Bearwood gallery is not rich in these ultra-sincere pictures. The "Cana" of Jan Steen hardly falls within the definition; and although Ostade, one of the most straightforward of the school, has thrown his strange rude earnestness (with some of his very finest paintings) into the "Adoration of the Shepherds," yet with all this there is too great a contrast between the sacred story and the peasants of Friesland to leave us quite satisfied. These are bores enacting a gospel-scene; skilfully as they are handled, Ostade would have wrought them with more truth had he drawn them in their daily ways. Two girls by Maes—one especially (painted almost entirely in reds and browns), so intent on peeling onions that we feel they are all the world to her for the moment—are more perfect specimens of this precious, though limited, sincerity. This was a narrow art, one perceives, after all. The "short and simple annals of the poor" are soon exhausted when neither the pathos of sorrow nor the charm of childhood, neither the beauty of youth nor the venerableness of age, seem to come within the painter's precincts. It is natural to ask why this should be so? There is something, to us, questionable in assuming, as is perhaps occasionally done in *Modern Painters*, that the Dutchmen were wilfully mean and manufacturing; whilst what may be called the pot-and-pan style of condemnation is really unworthy of notice. Nor are we disposed to explain this strange want or incapacity by the expedient of calling the artists or their public "insensible" or "animal." Probably it could not be accounted for without a complete analysis of life in all ranks during the seventeenth century. But it may help us to comprehend the problem if we remember that literature presented an exact parallel. The novel, whether of manners or of passion, did not yet exist. The ballad of common life was almost unrecognized as poetry. It was a hundred years before Rousseau and Goldsmith—two generations before even Gay, Fielding, or Richardson. The villa and the cottage were not yet invented.

From this narrowness of range in the art of common life, it follows that those of the Dutch school who want the gift of simple sincerity are apt to fall into a kind of limbo, unprofitable to all men except so far as the artists can exhibit patient or rapid dexterity. "The mouth of the connoisseur may water," indeed, over such pieces of mechanical finish as the ugly "Druggist's Shop" by Mieris, where every item stares at you like a stereoscope; but connoisseurship itself will find it difficult to praise the "Flight into Egypt" which here bears the celebrated name of Wouvermans. This is an excellent example of what Mr. Ruskin justly calls the "hybrid" manner, curiously divided between the "naturalistic" and the "idealistic" modes of treatment. To the former belong the two ordinary-looking peasant women in the centre, who are performing St. Anne and St. Mary; with St. Joseph, who, even during the flight, has found time to set up trestles and timbers, and is hard at work with his saw in the background. Two little boys with wings, who appear sadly in the way of the saw, remind us here that it is a religious picture; two more are playing hide-and-seek in a nondescript tree which bears three or four kinds of leaf at once; whilst the remaining couple are taking care of the donkey, and evidently much distressed by his obstinate determination to get at the water. The desert is a fine rich country, with running streams and plenty of such foliage as Wouvermans could draw, and a pleasant blue sky over all, crossed by a large rain-cloud, almost entangled in the branches, to display the famous "cool grays" of the painter. Think of one of what we might call the most poetical incidents in the life of our Saviour treated as a vehicle to show off "cool grays"! What a curious commentary on art, and amateurship, and the seventeenth century!

We have described this picture at length because it is characteristic of that school which, from its want of redeeming sincerity, does appear to us hurtful to taste if accepted at the Waagen estimate. It has carried us into landscape, and it is in landscape that the "hybrid" style is most prevalent. Hobbima, Vandevelde, and Paul Potter, indeed, paint sincerely. They give a narrow section of nature, but so far as their power goes, it is a rendering of what they actually see. To make out where men like Berghem or Karel du Jardin wish us to imagine the scene, is impossible. The sky belongs to one climate, the ruins to another; the peasants, who are usually seen wandering about in a boggy foreground or crossing an impracticably tall bridge, are neither Flemish nor Italian. An impossible range of hills forms the horizon. Yet, though it is all "composed," there is no invention. The same features reappear, in slightly different combinations, on a hundred canvasses. The result may be sometimes pleasing in colour; yet the question will arise, What appreciable rank in art can be assigned to a style which is utterly unreal without being in the least degree imaginative, which is neither sound as prose nor elevating as poetry?

Sincerity—in which these artists, with many others of the school, are deficient—we have stated as the highest quality of Dutch art. This is, however, too lofty a word for the landscapists who still remain for notice. Though applicable to Cuyper and De Hooghe, we would rather say of Hobbima or Ruysdael that their merit lies in choosing subjects which do not exceed their technical power. To treat nature as something gray, with dark green masses upon it, relieved by a little glitter, appears to have been their ideal of landscape; and, with a slight change, the definition will cover the sea-pieces of the school. Compared with the endless complexity of tints and of effects which nature offers every day, even when not doing anything to surprise, these

painters set themselves a facile task. One great element in their popularity has been that, like the commonplace husband in *Locksley Hall*, they

Answer to the purpose—easy things to understand—

appealing to a few obvious impressions of nature, and not calling on the connoisseur for the odious labour of thinking whether things really are so. Yet to censure the Flemings on this ground would be unfair to those who were taking the first and necessarily imperfect steps towards a new art. From this historical point of view there is interest in such a woodland view as Mr. Walter's large Hobbima, where the masses of light and shade are agreeable in form, and the general tone sufficiently pleasing. Let us keep to scale in our praises, and reserve "powerful" or "consummate" for Rubens or Rembrandt. Most of these cabinet pieces, even at their best, are but what our ancestors called "Flemish drolleries." There is no vivid charm in such work; the ecstasies of the old style of criticism—"matchless Hobbima" or "priceless Vandevelde"—sound hollow in modern ears; yet they have an importance, it may be, not less profound and genuine to the student of a larger subject than any single art—the progress of the human mind. Every step in this, however small or stumbling, deserves attention. Thus we may note that, occupied with the first and nearest features of scenery, the majority of Dutch artists gave little observance to sky and atmosphere, although, in truth, these constitute the principal source of effect in a flat country. The attempt which Potter has made, in the little piece already referred to, to paint a cumulus cloud, is hence worthy of remark. One sees that he was aware of the beauty of its form, and of its value to his composition; but, if we compare it as a piece of drawing and colour with similar passages in contemporary art, it is like the geology of Dr. Burnet by the side of Sir C. Lyell. It is *primitive*. "The Castle of Bentheim," again, exhibits further advance. The clouds are hardly more than indicated; the rocks in the immediate foreground are mere spongy masses; and an air of commonplace, which might easily have been avoided, has been given to the whole by the fallen trunk and crudely-painted tree on the right. In these points (and we might easily add to the list), what we read is inexperience. To Ruysdael belongs the honour of perceiving, whilst so few of his contemporaries could make a landscape interesting without artificial details, that he might rely for legitimate success upon a simple page from what he saw, largely yet carefully painted—firmly, yet not without delicacy. Ruysdael executed very few pictures indeed in this style. May we not argue hence that he was, so far, in advance of his age, and please ourselves with believing that, had he lived in later and better days, he would have spared us that infinity of dusky mill-dams, that uniformity of sad-coloured larches, which make his name one of the terrors of a private gallery?

Such are some of the lessons which the Bearwood or any other good collection of the Dutch painters may afford. They might easily be multiplied; they might, perhaps, easily be contravened. In either case they may, we hope, be held as a kind of proof of the interest which any school of art possesses when looked at as a chapter in the great history of man. Let us add, that such an examination, imperfectly even as we have performed it, may serve also to point out to those who are apathetic to art that the subject is not one which a man can rationally be proud of regarding with indifference.

Homo sum : humani nihil a me alienum puto.

When we hear the painters whose names have here come before us criticized in the slang of what we have called connoisseurship, it is indeed enough to raise the scorn of those beyond the circle. Those within it, again, may not unreasonably be indignant when they, in their turn, hear the traditional gems of their galleries condemned to "be thrown into one pit together." Is it too presumptuous to believe that neither excess is inevitable, and that a larger sympathy may lead the way to a sounder, if a less exciting, criticism?

#### THE NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

IT is probably a sound, although it is not a popular, view of racing to hold that the match between Cambuscan and General Peel was a greater event than the Cesarewitch. At any rate, both were very interesting features of the Second October Meeting; and if we add the performances of Fille de l'Air in the Newmarket Derby and Oaks, it must be owned that there was plenty of first-rate racing last week at Newmarket, while of inferior racing there was a superabundance. The match between Cambuscan and General Peel belongs to a class of racing which is, unhappily, rare at the present day, when owners of horses are not in general disposed to run them for the pure love of sport, and a principal object of stable management is to keep the public in the dark as to the capabilities of horses until they run. The comparative merits of Cambuscan and General Peel were as well known as anything of the kind could be, but still there was sufficient doubt to supply occasion for a large amount of betting on this match. The career of General Peel must have been very disappointing to his admirers, and they can hardly help acknowledging that his performance in the Derby, with which they were at the time dissatisfied, was about the best of which this magnificent horse is capable. It would have been more satisfactory to have seen Cambuscan meet General Peel on even terms, instead of being allowed, as he was, 2 lbs.

for his defeat by a head in the St. Leger; but it would be idle to pretend that the result of the match would have been different at even weights. The distance, which was about a mile and a quarter, was probably more favourable to General Peel than a longer course; and, on the whole, it is difficult to withhold the admission that Lord Glasgow does not possess the second-best colt of this year. The winning of the Doncaster Cup by General Peel was confessedly not a performance of very exalted merit, and indeed it left an impression which might have made spectators cautious of backing the winner against an improving horse like Cambuscan. It is remarkable that Lord Glasgow should have failed in almost everything he tried at Newmarket, and after a brief interval of prosperity with General Peel he seems to have returned to his old "form" of always running and never winning. Having suffered so many disappointments, it is not surprising that he should try whether any good can be done by changing jockeys. The familiar red and white will no longer be worn by Aldcroft, and all lovers of racing will be pleased to see Lord Glasgow's horses doing better under Wells or Fordham. But, as complaints were made against Aldcroft's riding in the Derby, it is well to notice that no other jockey has been able to persuade General Peel to improve upon what he did at Epsom.

We spoke of General Peel's place among three-year-old colts only, for, if we came to talk of fillies, we should have to ask ourselves whether it would be prudent to back any colt of the year, except Blair Athol, against Fille de l'Air. The quantity of work which this mare has done during the year is as extraordinary as the quality of some of it. She began the season by running, or rather declining to run, for the Two Thousand Guineas. Of that performance nothing can be said more forcible than to contrast it with what she did at Newmarket last week. Next she lost a considerable race in France. Then she won the English Oaks. Within ten days she, along with Blair Athol, suffered defeat by Vermuth in the Grand Prix at Paris. In the same week she ran at Ascot, and got beaten. Later in the year she ran three races with Vermuth, and won two of them; and now, in October, she has returned to Newmarket, and let us see what she has been doing there. For the Newmarket Oaks, over nearly two miles, on Thursday week, there were six starters, of which three belonged to Baron Rothschild. Two of these, Breeze and Tomato, ran second and third to Fille de l'Air for the Epsom Oaks; the third was Evelina. The other three starters were Fille de l'Air, Tene-riffe, and Auricula. The French filly gave 4 lbs. to Breeze, and 7 lbs. to all the others except Tomato, who ran on even terms with her; and she won "with the greatest conceivable ease," Breeze being beaten by three lengths, and Tomato, who has been thought not to be a bad mare, being "tailed an immense distance." So much for what Fille de l'Air could do with the English fillies of her year, among whom it is not pretended that any better exist than in Baron Rothschild's stable. When the St. Leger was under discussion, it was never supposed that any filly engaged in it, except Breeze, had a chance of winning. On the next day (Friday), Fille de l'Air made a miserable example of such English colts as ventured to oppose her in the Newmarket Derby. There were, however, only two competitors sent to the post—namely, Claremont, whose form is so well known that it might safely be pronounced he had no chance of winning, and Mail Train, the defeated favourite for the Cesarewitch. Fille de l'Air gave 3 lbs. to Claremont, and 10 lbs. to Mail Train. The length of the course was a mile and a half. Mail Train stopped suddenly, as if he had sense to see that it was no use trying, and Claremont was beaten by six lengths. Last year, Fille de l'Air finished the season by winning the Criterion at Newmarket in such a way as more than compensated for whatever reverses she had suffered during the season. Towards the close of this year, after a career of alternate victory and defeat, she performs at Newmarket in a style which shows her to be, when at her best, almost, if not quite, unapproachable. Up to this day she has run this season, in England and abroad, fourteen times, and has won nine times. The career of this mare goes far to justify an assertion which was made in the course of recent discussions about horse-breeding—that, if you take the best English stock and transplant it to the French climate, you are sure in time to beat the native growth.

Coming now to what is ordinarily considered the chief event of the meeting—namely, the Cesarewitch—it is to be remarked that, whatever may be thought of the quality of the winning horse, the quality of the winning jockey is undeniable. As it was neatly put by a sporting writer—"Thalestris won the Cesarewitch by two heads—her own and James Grimshaw's." This compliment to the first of light-weight jockeys has been deserved by many displays of art equally admirable to that which he made upon Thalestris. To have the weight of a boy with the skill, judgment, nerve, and almost strength of a man, is a rare and perhaps dangerous gift of fortune. But if young Grimshaw could be spoiled, he would have been spoiled long ago, and therefore it is unnecessary to apprehend that the immense popularity gained by his clever riding of Thalestris will do him harm. But only think of the position of a boy receiving the applause, and almost adulation, of men to whom, by action as quick as thought, he has made the difference between winning and losing thousands of pounds! There could have been no worse horse for the Ring than Gratitude, yet if James Grimshaw had been on Gratitude, or even if he had not been on Thalestris, it can hardly be doubted that Gratitude would have come in first instead of second. It is one of the circumstances which add to the uncertainty of handicaps, that when you have got your horse in at a weight which gives him a

great chance of winning, that chance may be destroyed by the impossibility of finding a boy capable of managing him. There are some good horses which no boy, and scarcely any man, can hold, and it would be better for such horses to carry a stone more of weight than to be placed in hands which cannot restrain them from destroying their chances by galloping their hardest directly after, or perhaps before, the flag is down. And if a boy wants strength for such a task, he also wants, except in rare instances, the art of finishing a close race. There could be no higher display of this art than was made by James Grimshaw in the Cesarewitch; but if we look from him to the mare which he caused to win, or to the mare he beat, it is difficult to awaken anything like the same enthusiasm which is felt at the performances of Fille de l'Air. Thalestris and Gratitude, both four-year-olds, carried over the Cesarewitch course, which is about two and a quarter miles, the weights of 6 st. 2 lbs. and 6 st. respectively. Their weight for age over the same distance, according to the Queen's Plate rules, would be 9 st. 7 lbs., or more than half as much again. Surely it is not going too far to say that a handicap which takes such a wide range can be useful for no purpose except gambling. The next horse in the race was the three-year-old Ackworth, carrying 7 st. This was a creditable performance, as he gave a year and 1 st. to Gratitude, and was only beaten by three-quarters of a length, but it goes to prove that the first two horses in the race are moderate, rather than that the third horse is superior. The next three horses were Mail Train—who had been first favourite the night before the race, and who put an end to his chance by bolting out of the course—Planet, and Miner. The victory of Miner over Blair Athol, at York, brought upon him the heavy weight of 8 st. 2 lbs., while Mail Train and Planet, of the same year, carried respectively 6 st. 10 lbs. and 6 st. 7 lbs. It has been remarked that Miner's owner "threw away the Cesarewitch" by bringing him out at York; and certainly, if he had been kept at home, there could be no reason why the handicapper should treat him more severely than the horses of his own year which finished before him, and with 14 or 20 lbs. less upon his back he must have come very near winning. We have already noticed that, on Friday, Mail Train absolutely declined to try for the Newmarket Derby, and therefore any inference drawn from that race may be untrustworthy. However, the remark may go for what it is worth, that he was beaten in that race by Claremont, who gave him 7 lbs., and everybody knows that Claremont is an animal of moderate quality. But Mail Train was said to have been highly tried for the Cesarewitch, and he was known to be lightly weighted, and therefore, when he arrived at Newmarket, he was received with almost divine honours by the numerous persons who made sure of winning on him. On the whole, it appears that the horses running in the Cesarewitch were a moderate lot, and if it were not for the vast amount of speculation excited by that race, we might safely say that it was a second-rate affair.

It yet remains to say a word about the two-year-old racing at Newmarket, which, in reference to the future, has an importance which is wanting to the grand performances of Fille de l'Air. That wonderful mare has in this country almost no future, for when she has picked up two or three of the four-year-old stakes there will remain nothing for her except the barren honour of cup-races, for which it may be conjectured that her owners do not greatly care. But the French stable showed us that they had not forgotten the art of bringing a two-year-old to the post fit and well at one or other of the Autumn Meetings at Newmarket. Gladiateur won the Clearwell Stakes handsomely on Wednesday, and there was an immediate rush to get on him for the Derby. However, the ardour of his backers was moderated on Friday when it was seen that, for the Prendergast Stakes, a penalty of 6 lbs. stopped him. This race was won by Sir Joseph Hawley's Bedminster, having Siberia second, and Gladiateur and Longdown making a dead heat of it for third place. All these horses are in the Derby, and the lot does not look very formidable, nor does the French colt look the best of it. Up to this time, the trials of Derby horses have left Liddington unequalled, and it seems likely that Mr. Merry will again have the winter favourite.

#### MISS HELEN FAUCHT.

THERE is something in the present aspect of Drury Lane Theatre that makes us feel as though we had glided, to the extent of some twenty years or more, up the stream of time, and were again witnessing the efforts of Mr. Macready to establish the high poetical drama in one of its ancient abodes, whence it had been driven by opera, ballet, and spectacle. The master-spirit is indeed not present; but the managers who now hold his place, though their names do not sound so loud in the trumpet of fame, adopt the principles which he has bequeathed to them, and find their reward therein. The notion that Drury Lane is not merely a big edifice, fit for everything save the purpose for which it was built—that it may still possibly become the capital of the English theatrical world, especially now that the link between Covent Garden and the non-lyrical drama seems to be severed for ever—is again astir, and is regarded as at least plausible, whereas, if started ten years ago, it would have been looked upon as the dream of an unpractical enthusiast. And much of the plausibility of this notion is to be sought in the earnest and consistent manner in which Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton go to



work. They cannot indeed collect such a company as was presented by Mr. Macready when he opened Drury Lane in the season of 1841-2, or by Madame Vestris when she opened Covent Garden shortly afterwards; for death and old age have deprived us of many established grandees of the profession who were then in full vigour, while several have been dispersed in consequence of the modern system of theatrical free-trade, which, whatever may be its advantages in other respects, is certainly adverse to the formation of strong companies. But even in this direction they have done their best. Mr. Phelps, indubitably the actor of the highest standing now to be found available for legitimate purposes, is at the head of their force, and around his name are grouped a circle of others belonging to trained and respected owners. Granted the present condition of the stage, and required the levy of a tragic troop, we do not think that the problem could have been better solved than it has been by Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton.

To their earnest spirit witness is also borne by the manner in which their pieces are produced, or, as technical writers say, "put upon the stage." They have recourse to grand spectacles on occasion, and sometimes awaken the uncomfortable doubt whether the accessory is intended to add efficiency to the play, or the play is revived for the sake of the accessory, but they usually adhere to an unobtrusive and perfectly satisfactory mode of decoration which takes a middle place between shabbiness and pageant. When a manager does nothing for a play whatever beyond illustrating it with the first picture that his scene-room yields and the bundle of clothes that comes readiest to hand in his wardrobe, we may be sure that his austere simplicity proceeds—not from a belief that dramatic purity, unaided and unadorned, is all-sufficient for his purpose—but, on the contrary, from a conviction that the taste for Shakspeare which has tempted him to revive one of the ordinary plays is too doubtful, or at any rate too transient, to be worth a large investment even of time and trouble. Ever since the opening of the theatre this season, the spectators must have been struck with the excellence of scenery the existence of which is not even hinted in the bills. These belong to the old stores of the establishment, and have been renovated under the superintendence of Mr. W. Beverley, by whom the scenic department is directed.

The first part of *Henry IV.*, which was the spectacle-piece of last year; the second part of the same play, which is a curiosity in central London, and has acquired celebrity through the Justice Shallow of Mr. Phelps; and the well-known *Othello*, with the same gentleman as the Moor, have been played here to crowded houses. Mr. Carlyle looked upon Dr. Johnson with admiring wonder, as a man who could actually pray in the age of Voltaire. *Othello*, chiefly sustained by a popular tragedian who is neither returning after a long absence, nor bidding a farewell, nor talking broken English, but nevertheless draws throngs in an age of "sensation" and burlesque, is a phenomenon equally worthy of marvel.

But the crowning event of the season is the reappearance of Miss Helen Faucit on the boards where she was once considered the least dispensable of artists. Through the addition of this gifted lady, the company, hitherto satisfactory, becomes really strong, and from Monday last dates a renewed claim of popularity for Drury Lane. The character she selected was that of Imogen, in *Cymbeline*, a play which has not been acted—save at Sadler's Wells, and perhaps some of the remoter suburbs—for upwards of twenty years, which contains no scene or speech that has a traditional celebrity with the multitude, and which, to uncultivated persons who never read their Shakspeare, is scarcely known by name. On her first entrance she seemed a living record of another order of things—a record, be it observed, on which time had left no trace, for she looked as young, as graceful, and as buoyant as when she first acted the character under the management of Mr. Macready. She was at once greeted with deafening applause, but still we watched with interest to ascertain whether acting of such ethereal refinement as hers could be thoroughly appreciated by a modern audience of a very mixed kind, and in whom the organ of veneration has been but slightly cultivated. Of late years, applause, when not gained by an appeal to the risible faculties of mankind, has generally been elicited by a strong reproduction of every-day reality, with those details of the truthfulness of which every one can judge. Moreover, although now rising into prominence, Drury Lane has not of late been a fashionable theatre, and the question arose whether the occupants of its pit would be thoroughly alive to that exquisite idealism which characterizes Miss Faucit's impersonations, especially when the part acted was one of the most ideal kind. The lovely passage—

I would have broke mine eye-strings; cracked them, but  
To look upon him; till the diminution  
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;  
Nay, followed him till he had melted from  
The smallness of a gnat to air—

was, in her lips, one of the most delicate expressions of devoted tenderness, with the additional charm that it presented the situation merely described. The spectator might believe, from Miss Faucit's manner, that she actually saw the retiring Posthumus dwindling into air—nay, could almost imagine that he himself beheld the gradual diminution. But that unconscious propriety of Imogen, that innate virtue which guards her as a shield and enfolds her as a garment, that purity of soul which speaks in her slightest movements—would all this be thoroughly understood by persons long accustomed to sympathise with no griefs but such as might fall with most prosaic force to their own

share, and to see the most tragic situations subjected to a burlesque treatment? There is something so inimitably picturesque in Miss Faucit's acting that one constantly longs to see each successive attitude fixed in a photograph, and bound into a volume to form a psychological illustration to the play. But would this excellence appeal to a public for which, of all arts, sculpture has the slightest charm?

Abandoning the interrogative mood, we gladly record the fact that Miss Faucit's Imogen was appreciated to the highest degree of enthusiasm. When once she had the audience in her grasp, she held them firmly, and was listened to with breathless attention. However admirable a performance may be, some one salient point is always requisite to convert quiet approbation into demonstrative sympathy. This point in *Cymbeline* was the sudden indignation of Imogen when Iachimo's false reports of the infidelity of Posthumus are followed by an attempt upon her honour. To some minds the delicate doubts and sorrow by which the mind of the peerless Imogen is harassed, and in the delineation of which the subtlest emotions of the part are reproduced in the most refined expressions of the actress—whose whole frame, so to speak, is devoted to the task of realizing one of the coyest of ideals—might scarcely be intelligible; but the outburst of virtuous rage was a "touch of nature" that addressed all intellects alike, and the house reverberated with an explosion of admiration. We aptly use an oft-allowed commonplace when we say that the transformation of the extremely gentle being into a heroine, striking terror with glance, voice, and gesture, was electrical.

The stand-point of admiration having been attained, what a scene of beauty was opened to the view! The refined artist, to whom the right delivery of the least prominent word was a matter of the highest importance, had that power of expressing the strongest emotion without which a wide popularity is not to be acquired, and it was felt that not only art, but nature, was at the basis of her most subtle interpretations. We have touched upon the picturesque character of Miss Faucit's acting. The one scene—nay, the one portion of a scene—in which, disguised as a boy, she steals into the cave of Belarius, furnishes a whole gallery of pictures. The terror she feels at the sword which is to be her defence, the cautiousness of the approach, the hurry of the retreat, the particle of comedy that she throws into the situation by bringing female timidity into unexpected prominence, the combination of the most contentious feelings when the entrance into the cave is ultimately accomplished, form a great work of pictorial art.

To appreciate to its full extent the value of Miss Faucit's triumph it is necessary to recur to the fact that to the multitude *Cymbeline* is not a known play. The audience have not, as in the case of *Othello* or *Hamlet*, their regular cues for applause, which they can follow with the regularity of an actor who is guided by the last lines of the preceding speaker. With many plays tradition may do much. It is commanding excellence alone that could have secured to Miss Faucit the enthusiastic applause she received on Monday last.

#### THE ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.

THEATRICAL and operatic programmes have long had an unenviable notoriety for magnificent promise and scant performance. Martin Chuzzlewit could not have been more astonished at the different aspect of the charming city of Eden as seen on paper in Mr. Scadder's office, and as he found it in reality on the banks of the Mississippi, than must be any credulous subscriber to a theatrical campaign when, at the end of the season, he compares what he has actually received with the glowing items set forth in the promised bill of fare at its commencement. Within the last two or three years these specious documents have been rivalled, and perhaps excelled, by the innumerable prospectuses of joint-stock schemes, with limited liability, which have sought to attract the public by similar efforts of the fancy in describing imaginary results for all sorts of impossible enterprises. With such unity of purpose and design it is singular that theatrical speculations have so long been avoided by any joint-stock company; but certain it is that the British capitalist, although generally ready enough to pour out his money for the wildest scheme abroad or at home, looks very suspiciously on any plan for building a comfortable theatre and producing good plays or good operas. Mr. Boucicault did, indeed, project and register a Company which was to build or adapt theatres in various parts of the town, with "auditoriums" in accordance with the improvements of the age; but the experiment did not prosper. At length, however, a joint-stock company has been formed for the performance of English Opera, which, after a delay of two years, two dissolutions and two reconstructions, commenced its first season last Saturday.

As the new scheme, like every other of the same sort for the last thirty years, loudly insists on the want of the permanent establishment of a National Opera, and declares also, like all other past schemes, that it is determined to supply that want, and to found and foster such National Opera, it may be as well to ascertain what is meant—if, indeed, anything is meant—by this term National Opera. It is too much to be feared that the phrase has been used mainly as an appeal to national prejudice and vanity, to induce sturdily Britons who affect to abominate everything foreign to support the music of English composers, sung by English singers to English words. Music, however, should be independent of the language and the words in

which it is sung. It is itself a medium, as much as language, of expressing ideas, and these ideas ought to be complete in themselves, and not to require interpretation, to those who are acquainted with music, by means of words. This will be readily admitted as to the more strongly-marked forms of musical expression. No one wants to have words to explain the ideas a composer intends to convey by a chant or a tarantella, nor does a love-song gain any additional passion by its notes being uttered in some namby-pamby verses. This is especially the case with dramatic music, and the characters and situations of the drama ought all to be worked out by the music independently of the words, which are, as it were, the ground-plan of the work. The words are, or ought to be, only useful as enabling us quickly to ascertain the meaning of the composer—taking us, as it were, by a short cut to what we should be able to discover for ourselves by the exercise of closer and more careful attention. If this theory of musical expression is correct—and it seems the only valid defence against the attacks made upon opera from the days of Addison downwards—the language in which the opera is written is manifestly immaterial; and, seeing that Italian is unquestionably the language which enables the singer to produce the greatest purity of tone, it would be as well were all operas in which the whole of the action and story is conducted in music, without the introduction of spoken dialogue, composed to Italian words. Where spoken dialogue is used, it is, of course, necessary to employ the language of the country of which the audience is composed; but such operas are not legitimately entitled to be called operas, but are in fact dramas, comedies, or farces, as the case may be, illustrated by music. The true object of a National Opera should be to cultivate a national style, but this is perfectly independent of the language in which the libretto happens to be written. *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro* were written to Italian libretti, but they are not the less German operas. Gluck's operas do not lose their German character because they were produced on the French stage. Nor is Rossini less an Italian composer because his last work is called *Guillaume*, and not *Guglielmo*, *Tell*. The different climates, institutions, and habits of thought of various nations should produce a different form in their musical utterances, and art, like literature, is enriched by the encouragement of such divergences; and we should be glad to see a school of English musicians with a style of their own which should have its share of influence on the musical thought and expression of the world. When, however, such a school of English composers exists, it will be immaterial whether their thoughts are sung to English words or by English singers. In whatever language or by whatever artists it may be rendered, it will be English, and therefore to us national, music. We have, however, no belief that such a school will be called into existence by any pretentious prospectus of a joint-stock company.

Leaving, therefore, the high advantages which "The English Opera Company, Limited," proclaims for national music, let us descend to the more ordinary topic of the singers and operas with which they propose to carry on their first season. Of singers they have secured a very efficient corps, except in basses and barytones, in which they are sadly weak; and it is to be hoped that, under a management which will have no personal vanity to gratify, we shall have the opportunity of hearing, in regular succession and to their best advantage, the singers who are engaged. The new Company has the advantage of Mr. Alfred Mellon, and a first-rate band and chorus selected chiefly from that of the Italian Opera; and it has, besides, all Mr. Gye's magnificent scenery and decorations, and, what is more, the services of Mr. A. Harris to employ them as he so well knows how to do. Although the first opera given has been *Masaniello*—given probably because to pretty popular music is added a superb spectacle—it is proposed to produce four operas by English musicians, one by M. Gounod, and one by M. Felicien David; these latter being, we presume, translations of operas which have already appeared in Paris. Among the operas by English musicians is one by Mr. Hatton, to which we look forward with considerable interest. What Mr. Hatton has hitherto written indicates ideas and a style of his own; and his one opera, in corroboration of the remarks we have made above, has been given at Vienna, for hitherto the operatic managers of his own country—those fosterers of National Opera—have been deaf to his merits. One advantage of the capital which a joint-stock company is supposed to command would be the power of giving such liberal terms for the operas produced by them as would effectually dissolve that connexion between the music-publishers and the composers which has been, and still is, the curse of English Opera. We have more than once pointed out that, so long as a composer is bound to introduce pretty things for the drawing-room into every new opera, and to provide young ladies and gentlemen with sentimental ballads to be first warbled by the pet soprano, or tenor, or barytone, in order that he may obtain good terms from the publisher, so long must musical expression be violated and dramatic propriety be utterly disregarded.

The point of interest in last Saturday's performance of *Masaniello* was the first appearance of a gentleman upon whom the new company depend for their first tenor. There can be no doubt that Mr. Charles Adams is a very considerable acquisition to our English singers. On his first entry upon the stage he disclosed a very good method of declamation, with a clear enunciation of the words. Perhaps from the nervousness or excitement of a new audience, there was a tendency to exaggeration both in gesture and in phrasing, which we will hope is not a fixed habit, and the voice gave evidence of wear. As the opera proceeded, Mr. Adams

gained upon the sympathies of his audience. In the last two acts he seemed to have recovered considerable freshness of tone, and we believe that cold had something to do with the want of it in the early part of the evening. Mr. Adams, as perhaps might be guessed from his choosing such a part as *Masaniello*, belongs to the robust rather than the sweet tenors, but it may be doubted whether his power is sufficient for so large a theatre as Covent Garden. He has, however, an evenly balanced voice, with a good deal of tone in the lower parts, and extending up to the high B with ease and certainty. As yet Mr. Adams cannot claim to be a perfectly finished singer, but there are manifest signs of considerable cultivation, and, if our fears as to the worn character of his voice are ill-founded, there is every prospect that he may ripen into a genuine artist. As an actor, he walks the stage with ease, and in some places evinced capabilities which we shall hope to see brought into more important characters. Altogether, save Mr. Sims Reeves, who is rarely available for opera, Mr. Adams is probably superior as a dramatic singer to any other tenor now on the English stage. Another tenor new to London, a Mr. Bond, appeared in the ungrateful part of Alphonso, but, although he has a very pleasant voice, he is as yet quite a novice, both as a singer and an actor; in the subordinate parts, however, he promises to be useful and acceptable. The only soprano part in the opera affords a florid singer every opportunity of display, and Madme. Parepa has just that executive facility which Auber's heroine requires. Occasionally, however, there was more dash than correctness in her passages. We have already said that the new company is not strong in barytones and basses; in fact, the only name of note is that of Mr. Weiss, who played Pietro. This is, however, essentially a barytone part, and not suited to the ponderous style of Mr. Weiss's voice and manner. In the great duet (shamefully mangled by the way, from the fair proportions with which Auber endowed it) this was apparent in the drowning of the tenor, who was scarcely audible. The smaller parts were sufficiently filled, although Mr. Aynsley Cooke, in his anxiety to make a character of Borella, wandered a little within the borderline of burlesque. The chorus, ballet, and general action was very good indeed, but there were one or two slips in the band which were unaccountable. Altogether, the commencement of the season, if not very brilliant, was satisfactory, and appeared to be so to a large audience, comprising perhaps some enthusiastic shareholders. Meantime, the Company produces its first English opera, by Mr. Macfarren, early next week.

## REVIEWS.

### MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.\*

WE have had from America many practical professors both of what are called the "spiritualist" and the "magnetic" arts, but we have seen few attempts like that just made by Dr. Brittan to reduce these processes to systematic and philosophical analysis, and to refer their phenomena to the scientific laws of physics and psychology. Guaranteed by his medical diploma a certain standing of a professional kind, and evincing, in his introductory remarks upon the philosophy of the human organism and the action of the several elements in man, some results at least of a scientific study of the leading facts of life and disease, thought, passion, and will, he comes before us with infinitely more pretension than the vulgar operators who set unthinking crowds agape by the vagaries of a table or the mysterious messages rapped out in a darkened chamber. For these, his humble brethren, he himself manifests a profound contempt. They are the mere hirelings who degrade a noble cause by mercenary greed, mere quacks who practise an empirical method without an inkling of the arcanæ which lie open to the enlightened and philosophical sage. "Science," he warns us, "has nothing to expect from men who have a paramount regard for money, and whose only aim has been to make an amusing and remunerative public exhibition." With the "fantastics," the "vain and superficial investigators," who advertise their nostrums under the various titles of "Magnetic Fluid," "Etherium," "Od Force," "Pathetism," and the like, he allows himself no fellowship. For the tricks which make up the ordinary *séances* of our so-called electrobiologists and mediums he cannot repress his disgust. He has seen "more than one poor catchpenny, prompted alike by coarseness and avarice to pander to a vitiated and vulgar taste, who has compelled an intelligent human being to walk on all fours, to bark like a dog, or to bray like a donkey!" Such men, who "utterly disregard the claims of science and willingly brutalize their own species," are seldom capable of giving any intelligible idea of the subject on which they profess to discourse. "They are usually very positive in their assumptions, and extremely negative in their proofs." We are entitled, therefore, to expect something more satisfactory, both in point of fact and reasoning, from one who sets himself so arbitrarily on high above his brethren, and who lays such emphatic claim to superiority of attainments, as well as to greater elevation of motive. We ought hardly, in fairness, to be put off with the old tissue of ghost marvels and tales of clairvoyance or apparitions which form the staple of the common tribe of "spiritualists," and which it is generally impossible to bring to the slightest test of verification. Nor do we seem to have

\* *Man and his Relations; illustrating the Influence of the Mind on the Body.* By S. B. Brittan, M.D. New York: Townsend. 1864.



achieved any great advance, in a scientific sense, when we are told to discard the hackneyed theory of "magnetic" or "odic" force for the writer's more recondite hypothesis of an "electric aura." It is one thing to scout with contempt the supposition of a "fluid" as the agent or principle of life, motion, or sensation in the animal organism, as conceived by Mesmer and his early followers. It is another to palm off upon the unscientific reader a rival and equally gratuitous notion of his own, and to make-believe that the problem is solved because he has contrived to re-state it in terms more tortuous and more impenetrable to common sense.

Dr. Brittan is careful to assure us that he "belongs to no school of medicine," and is not therefore to be regarded as a "mere practitioner" touting for lucre or applause. Indeed, for the entire faculty he is at no pains to disguise his antipathy and dislike. We are to believe that it is from "a rational and intense interest in whatever most deeply concerns the true nature and substantial progress of man" that he was led to set up as an itinerant lecturer upon "Psychometry," or animal and human magnetism, and to stump the States in the capacity of an enlightener of ignorance and healer of disease. To his success in the latter capacity we have, of course, the customary tissue of proofs in the testimonials of patients to the efficacy of the electrical method, as well as his own reports of therapeutic marvels produced under his hands. Thus, in December 1849, at a "public-house" at Springfield, Mass., a young lady "of remarkable beauty and accomplishments," while engaged with a number of young people "in an animated and playful conversation," was seized with catalepsy in its most frightful form. The efforts of friends, admirers, and physicians were ineffectual to restore the interesting patient, who was supposed by all to be dying. At the end of three hours some one had the sense to send for Dr. Brittan, who at once, judging that this suspension of the functions had resulted from a sudden loss of the electrical equilibrium, proceeded to ascertain the precise point of electric convergence by observing the relative temperature of different parts of the body. A few appropriate manipulations from the supposed centre sufficed to restore the missing equilibrium, and in fourteen minutes after the writer entered the apartment "the patient was fully restored, and employed in adjusting her hair before the mirror." Another young girl, "of some seventeen summers," who was raving with the wildest delirium for two days and nights, had but her hands grasped in the right hand of the writer, with his left hand placed on her forehead, so as to form an electro-vital current, when in less than a minute the paroxysm was subdued; and after a sleep of fifteen minutes, "without stirring a muscle," she opened her eyes "in a perfectly sane state, and immediately she was clothed, and remained in her right mind." This tendency to parody in language, we may remark, is carried by Dr. Brittan to an extreme which, on this side of the Atlantic, will impress most readers as not less profane than his attempt to parallel his cures with the miracles of the Bible will strike them as odious and irrelevant. Of the value of the state of coma artificially induced, towards suspending the sense of pain in surgical operations, we may have sufficient appreciation without following the writer in his attempt to refer such phenomena to the one hypothesis of his book. Indeed, it would argue, upon the part of the audiences to whom he has been in the habit of expounding his system, a degree of intelligence far transcending that of ordinary country assemblages amongst ourselves, did we conceive them capable of carrying away clear and definite ideas of what the basis or the principles of the "electro-vital" theory may be. When they had duly swallowed the introductory definition which we get in the opening sentence of the book, that life is "a spiritual and natural revelation of the Divine providence," they would perhaps find it less difficult to digest the further formula, that "the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms are succeeding and progressive revelations of those invisible principles that pervade all substance, and pictorial illustrations of the Divine life that animates the world." Then, "if we are right in entertaining the idea that all outward developments proceed from vital principles and archetypal forms within, it may be rationally inferred that our essential manhood is invisible and spiritual, and that the organic formation results from and proceeds in harmony with the grand process of interior individualization." This is of course to prepare the way, in magnificent language, for a quasi-philosophical proof of the author's theory of the domination of mind over not only the "more ponderable elements and forms of the physical world," but also over the "imponderables and their mysterious forces," such as, he suggests, "we evoke in the spirit of the waters, when it comes forth to move our commerce and our navies against adverse winds and tides." Such, we presume, is also that spirit which has more recently come among us to set bells and tambourines in motion and musical uproar, and to play mysterious pranks with deftly-knotted cords and bandages. Dr. Brittan may be the philosopher to explain to us the secret of those subtle manifestations which the operators themselves profess to be beyond their powers of explication. His own command of occult and impalpable agencies is not confined to the realm of inert and inanimate matter, nor even to the sympathetic intelligence of his own race. The animal creation seems by a similar instinct to bow to his authority. Mr. Jingle's experience of the sagacity of dogs is left far behind by the following instance:—

I was on one occasion illustrating this idea of the natural supremacy of man, in the course of a public lecture, delivered in the Village Hall, Putnam, Conn., when I observed that a strange dog was laying [sic] at full length on the floor, at a distance of not less than thirty or forty feet from the platform. The noble animal—a large one of his kind—appeared to be asleep, and no more interested than other drowsy hearers. The speaker was

insisting, with some earnestness, that had man strictly obeyed the natural law, designed to regulate his relations to the animal kingdom, the whole brute creation would probably have yielded instinctive obedience to his authority. Just at that point in the discourse the dog, without any apparent cause, was suddenly disturbed. Rising from his recumbent position, he walked slowly to the front of the speaker's stand. Looking steadily in my face for a minute or two, he deliberately ascended the stairs and stretched himself at my feet, at the very moment the argument was concluded; thus presenting a most interesting and impressive illustration of a curious and profound subject.

The "psychometric sense" which is Dr. Brittan's key to the successes of magnetizers and clairvoyants like himself seems, like the gift of poetry, to be not acquired, but inborn. When one is so gifted "he at once perceives the nature of the emanations from his visitors, whether they are visible or invisible." He has even the scent of the sleuth-hound for the traces of good or evil action. "If he enters the haunts of deception and vice, clouds darken the spiritual vision, and he finds the trail of the serpent in his way." Nor is his perception limited to that of the mere general aura of viciousness or crime. "Give him either a cravat or a finger-ring that a thief has worn, and he will find the culprit, without other warrant or the aid of a policeman; an old shoe will enable him to track the fugitive from justice." It is clearly owing to the unfortunate want, among our own professional mediums and seers, of any one gifted with the like psychometric virtue to that of Dr. Brittan, that so many of our murders and other crimes go undetected. It might be thought that Scotland Yard would be happy to retain his services at a figure incomparably above that which rewards the labours of a lecturer to an ungrateful and incredulous generation. To be sure, his appreciation of moral responsibility is not such as to make him altogether a safe guardian of the conventional interests of society. "The man," he argues, "who is absolutely impelled in a wrong direction should not be fiercely censured and rudely condemned for yielding to an irresistible impulse. A moral obliquity may be as excusable as a spinal curvature. If, in respect to his moral nature, a man is lame, he must have extrinsic aids and supports to assist him through the world, and he should no more be sent to perdition for limping than any other cripple." Sentiments like these, which the writer has himself emphasized, are not calculated to commend this last and most developed phase of spiritualism to the convictions or tastes of sober-minded people on this side of the Atlantic. Nor will their estimate of the evidence adduced in its behalf be much enhanced by stories such as the following, compared with which that of the mad bull in Wellington boots is but a feeble illustration of the influence of mental impressions at a delicate period of the female organism:—

A gentleman who resides in Le Roy, N. Y., in an interview with the writer, some time since, related a singular fact, that may be appropriately introduced in this connexion. His wife had a beautiful picture of John the Baptist hanging in her room. The figure was in a nude state, except the loins, which were encircled with the girdle of camel's hair, supported by a single strap passing over one shoulder. The lady being in delicate health for some time (antecedent to the birth of a son, now some sixteen years of age), had occasion to spend much of her time on a couch from which the picture was constantly exposed to view. The youth referred to presents one of the greatest novelties in the category of psychological phenomena. It is a curious fact that he will never wear but one suspender! If commanded to put on a pair, he will obey; but he is quite sure to have them both over the same shoulder that supports the strap and the girdle in the picture.

Mrs. C. of Western New York, "though an excellent lady," was not one who could feel at ease and settled in mind while her husband at a similar crisis was turning the house out of window with alterations and repairs. Mr. and Mrs. C., in consequence, have a son who is "constitutionally restless, dissatisfied, and unhappy" in a surprising degree. "In his waking hours he seldom remains longer than a few minutes in one place, and during his whole life he has been constantly seeking rest and finding none." It is no wonder that, when another "miserable man" has often "shocked the delicate sensibilities of his wife, by staggering into her presence in a state of intoxication," he should reproduce in his unfortunate son his own irregular locomotion, "so that the youth could never walk straight. Alas! he is the moving, lifelong, and appalling record of the great crime of his sire!"

The style of *Man and his Relations* is a curious instance of the application of the "high falutin'" tone of American rhetoric to the purposes of philosophical literature. The writer is throughout carried away by the torrent of his imagination, like one of his own patients under the "psychometric" influence. Whilst he writes he is "inspired in music, soft and soothing as the gentlest strains from Æolia, when the expiring winds whisper their last benison to the trembling chords of the lyre." In moments of trial and emergency, "when the storms of life break over us with terrific power, calling for herculean effort," he has felt the proofs of the electro-nervous remedy in the restoration of the supremacy of the soul, when "the mind suddenly breaks away from its frail and mortal fastenings, and the startled voyager finds himself beyond the vicissitudes of time—floating at ease and gracefully in his immortal argosy, with an angel at the helm, and the great ocean of the limitless life before him." Our bigoted attachment to old forms and usages may perhaps shut our eyes to the merits of the newer and freer modes which have found their way into Transatlantic orthography and grammar. Such turns of spelling as "fiber," "specter," "sepulcher," may possibly be justified by sufficient analogies even from our own habits of writing. They involve little beyond the mere submission to precedent or caprice. But when we come upon the mention of a "censor nerve," we are induced to suspect a lapse in something more serious than the mere pedantry of custom. No mere similarity in the phonetic power of a letter can be held to extenuate what is a manifest confusion

of roots. It is not in our power to say what standard of general attainment may, in the New World, be taken as authenticated by the title to the highest grade in any of the professions. But we should be startled to meet with a doctor of medicine, on our side of the Atlantic, who wrote of the class of "reptillia," as we are hardly accustomed to find men with the ordinary education of gentlemen inditing of such matters as "Æolion" harps, or criticising the conduct of Pope "Callectus," or expressing themselves with special carefulness as to the time in which "Fenelon wrote his *Telemarque*."

#### ABBOT'S CLEVE.\*

IT is apparently a very easy thing to involve all the characters of a novel in inextricable embarrassment about the middle of the third volume, and then abruptly release them by working a miracle through the agency of a superhuman detective officer, or a secret drawer, or a lost waistcoat button. There can be no difficulty in severing the toughest knot by the rude instrumentality of a more or less sharp jack-knife. The true dexterity consists, not in cutting, but in unravelling the tangled threads. *Abbot's Cleve* is a remarkable instance of this superior kind of skill. The writer has successfully avoided the stumbling-blocks which commonly trip up the author of a story that depends for its interest upon mysterious and complicated incidents. The mystery is distinct, and the reader knows exactly what it is he wants to find out. The difficulties in which the various people are enfolded are thoroughly intelligible. There is no bungling of facts in clearing the difficulties up and explaining the secret. And the people themselves are not mere dummies, but sufficiently like ordinary human beings to make us really interested in their fate. This may seem scanty praise, but it is far from scanty when we remember the number of tolerably popular sensation novels in which the reader is quite as vexatiously puzzled as to what it is all coming to as the characters of the book are, and as indifferent to their ultimate escape from the net as if they were phantoms or clumsily-made puppets. And we cannot be too thankful for the absence alike of the conventional bigamy and the irrepressible detective. It is a great comfort to find that some rather less tame crime than being married to two persons at once may be made the starting-point or climax of an exciting story.

It would be exceedingly unfair to disclose the plot of a novel like *Abbot's Cleve*, whose interest mainly arises from the skilful ingenuity with which the plot is worked out. Still there can be no harm in revealing what happens in the opening half of the first volume. With politic rapidity, the real business is made to begin at once, and no time is wasted in those long descriptions of places and those endless genealogies of persons which even the most conscientious novel-readers generally allow themselves to skip without compunction. An Italian count of illustrious and ancient descent has married an English heiress, with whom, at the commencement of the story, he is apparently living in the greatest possible harmony. They have no children, and the property is settled in remainder upon a penniless female cousin of the countess, Florence by name. Suddenly the count, though always courteous and affectionate to his wife, takes to shutting himself up in his library. The countess, a woman of a capricious and frivolous temper, becomes dreadfully moped by long solitude, and sends for the penniless cousin to amuse and be bullied. In a short time after Florence's arrival the countess is taken dangerously ill, without any ostensible cause. The doctors cannot discover the secret of her curious and destructive malady, and the experienced reader soon suspects that poison is at work, though it is not quite clear for some time, even to him, by whom the poison is administered. One night the countess sends for Florence, and, after confessing that she is oppressed in her sleep with a horrible apprehension that some malignant and irresistible spirit is near her, begs her cousin for one night to keep watch in an adjoining room. Florence readily complies with the invalid's request, and the account of her vigil shows that the writer possesses a very exceptional amount of genuine dramatic power. Dawn at length approaches, and the watcher begins to think that her cousin's apprehensions have only been sick fancies after all, when she suddenly hears uneasy moans through the doorway, and, looking into the room, discerns a form between her and the night-light, and a white hand upon one of the medicine phials. Whose this hand really is, what motive underlies the attempt to murder the countess, and how Florence's appalling discovery ends, it is not necessary to tell. Suffice it to say that circumstances throw the strongest suspicion of the commission of the crime upon Florence herself. A morose and detestable servitor has seen her standing by the table with the medicine bottle in her hand, and threatens to disclose what he saw. With perhaps natural weakness, Florence buys his silence, and becomes his slave in consequence. Then she marries, and is more wretched than ever lest her husband should find out her secret and think her as guilty as the rest of the world suppose. The situation at first sight bears a superficial resemblance to the entanglement of Aurora Floyd, but it is no more than superficial. First of all, Florence is a very different manner of heroine from the horse-taming Aurora, and in the second place she is without a shadow of guilt of the crime imputed to her. The reader is really very sorry for Florence, but one could scarcely be expected to have much sympathy with a

masculine school-girl who married an ostler. Aurora Floyd carefully conceals from her supposed husband that his new trainer is her rightful lord, while the heroine of *Abbot's Cleve* has no guilt to conceal. The writer has displayed a delicacy, and introduced a certain amount of pathos, which contrast strongly with the former treatment of a slightly similar situation. Novels that might be extracts from the journals of a clever policeman with a literary turn of mind are uncommonly entertaining, but a spice of finer qualities than policemen are wont to appreciate is a decided improvement. Besides, in *Abbot's Cleve*, the terror of the heroine lest her husband should discover her secret in no sense leads to the climax of the story. Florence's husband very speedily does detect her secret, thinks her guilty, and instantly leaves her.

It is after this discovery that the most characteristic and exciting part of the story begins. At this point the knot seems inextricably tight, and therefore, from an ordinary novelist, here we might have expected it to be decisively cut, clumsily or adroitly, according to the writer's powers. It is not long since an author, having got all his characters into a regular dead-lock, got them out again by copying the newspaper reports of the famous Northumberland Street brawl. And everybody remembers the abrupt but welcome termination of that insufferably wearisome story *Little Dorrit*, by the convenient fall of a block of buildings. Miss Braddon bestows an immense amount of pains upon the construction of her stories, but, as a rule, as soon as the murder is out, she hastens to wind up as speedily as possible. Mr. Wilkie Collins and Mr. Shirley Brooks are the only living novelists who take as much trouble and occupy as much space in elaborating their plots from the climax to the conclusion as in bringing them to a climax. But they make too much fuss about it. Mr. Collins particularly bores the reader by taking every opportunity to tell us that he is an artist, and that the secret which he hopes to be able gradually to fathom for the satisfaction of our curiosity is inscrutably profound. The author of *Abbot's Cleve* understands the duty of the showman in this respect much better, and pulls the wires with judicious skill without interspersing unbusinesslike comments upon the progress of the performance, and abstains, wholly, we believe, from all large maxims upon human affairs, or discussions of the comparative merits of the actors. The apparently unfathomable secret is gradually unfolded, but with skill enough to sustain the reader's interest to the end. And the writer has followed an original line in making this secret not an incident to be invented, but a motive to be revealed. Sensation novelists ordinarily set us hunting after some circumstance which shall banish everybody's difficulties. In *Abbot's Cleve*, we know at once who has committed the dreadful crime on which the story turns, but are hopelessly at a loss to perceive for what reason it was committed, and the author dexterously contrives to keep us off the scent until almost the last chapter. It is easy to laugh at the knack of keeping people agape in this way, through three volumes, in the hunt after what is at the end only a very simple secret. But, as it is a knack which not a dozen writers in England possess, there must be more difficulty, and therefore more merit in it, than literary pedants would like to concede. Our ancestors liked to pour forth floods of tears over the sorrows of Clarissa Harlowe and Pamela, and yet it does not seem very hard to write as like a virtuous maid-servant as Richardson wrote, until one has been bold enough to try. People are professedly less sentimental than they were a hundred years ago, and, instead of tears and pocket-handkerchiefs, they prefer to take their literary pleasure with open mouth and hair on end. And in *Abbot's Cleve* the interest is not by any means of that blood-thirsty kind which the patrons of weekly sensation stories in the illustrated papers expect to have aroused. We are not appalled by an assassination and an abduction in alternate chapters. After the opening our horrors are over, until the end. An atrocious crime is perpetrated, and we want to know why, and whether it can be brought home to the criminal. This is a comparatively legitimate curiosity, and, whether it is legitimate or not, the most callous novel-reader may be defied to escape from it after the first ten chapters.

The author is original, moreover, in keeping the villain of the story well in the background, except just at those points where he is wanted. There is no greater nuisance than a villain who, in season and out of season, is for ever stamping and swaggering across the stage, or else constantly turning up at inopportune moments and peering malignantly over the shoulders of some virtuous but unhappy heroine whom he has in his power. The criminal in *Abbot's Cleve* is a modest and high-bred gentleman, whose monstrous wickedness all flows from a simple sentiment commonly deemed peculiarly honourable. After satisfying the demands of that sentiment, he desires nothing so much as to be left in tranquil and philosophic poverty. Count Fosco and Sir Perceval Glyde are vulgar scoundrels in comparison with this retiring and lofty-minded murderer. He would never do for the hero of a melodrama, where vulgarity of motive is an essential feature, but he is a very agreeable improvement upon the ruffians of nine out of every ten novels. The links of the chain of evidence connecting him with two mysterious deaths are forged with great ingenuity, and the requisite coincidences are not more improbable than such coincidences must always be. The great merit is that they are not abrupt and conclusive. They are slowly found out bit by bit, just as they would be in real life, and come to light in an unforced and natural way. Perhaps the fundamental improbability, and there is sure to be one in a novel of this kind, lies in the unsuspected immunity which the criminal enjoys at the very time when his crimes were committed. Passing over this, there is not much

\* *Abbot's Cleve*; or, *Can it be Proved?* A Novel. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1864.



else which the most matter-of-fact reader will have any difficulty in accepting as at least possible.

The story would be better if the compact narrative were more frequently relieved by dialogue. Blocks of unbroken narrative are apt to exhaust the attention, and one wants rather more of the story to be told in the form of conversation. This defect in composition is generally that of a young author, and experience and judgment are tolerably certain to remove it. We have said "author," but internal evidence perhaps suggests the greater propriety of using the feminine form. Nobody who had ever worn a coat with pockets in it would be likely to make a man pick up a glove and "place it carefully in his bosom." But then, on the other hand, one does not expect a lady to be familiar with the technical rule of law that a pawnbroker is bound to restore a pledge so long as he keeps it in stock. Be this as it may, the author or authoress has written a very highly entertaining story. There are abundant signs of a power which may one day be displayed in a wider field of fiction than the clever concatenation of incidents. Humour of a very genuine sort peeps out from time to time, and one character at least is drawn with a finish that is very seldom found in novels with exciting plots. Writers are too apt to suppose that a vigorous plot covers all sins in the way of pale sketchy characters and slovenly writing. The enjoyment of a good story, as such, is greatly enhanced by finding that the author knows something of human nature, and something of the importance of style.

#### THE SOANE SARCOPHAGUS.\*

THE enterprising traveller Belzoni, while carrying on explorations in the neighbourhood of Thebes, had the good fortune to hit upon the spot where the tomb of one of Egypt's most illustrious kings lay concealed under eighteen feet of gravel and earth. His sagacity led him to dig in a place which to other eyes might have seemed very unpromising; it was in the bed of a watercourse among the hills to the west of the Nile, down which, when rain falls, a torrent of water rushes towards the river. After the surface earth had been removed, indications were discovered that others had dug in the same place before, and, the research being continued with zeal for several days, the entrance of an important tomb was at last reached. After descending several flights of stairs, passing through long corridors, and narrowly escaping falling into a well thirty feet deep which lay at the bottom of a staircase, Belzoni arrived at a series of halls richly painted and adorned, and in the middle of the largest of them lay a beautiful sarcophagus of transparent alabaster. It was empty, and the lid of massive stone by which it had once been covered lay broken in fragments around. The body of the king had been abstracted, by whom or in what age of the world will never be known. The rope-ladders by which the depredators had crossed the well were the only memorials which they had left behind them. Belzoni contrived to remove the huge sarcophagus, without injury, to London, and he also brought away some fragments of the lid. Copies were made of the paintings which covered the walls of the galleries and chambers, and a model of the tomb was constructed, and made visible to cockneys at the charge of one shilling. The sarcophagus was ultimately purchased by Sir John Soane, and now forms the most remarkable feature of the toy-museum presented by him to the nation. It is covered both inside and out with pictures and inscriptions, which have been cut into the stone and filled up with a blue pigment. The work now before us contains accurate copies of the whole of these inscriptions, drawn by the practised pencil of Mr. Bonomi. There are nineteen plates in all, containing a mass of hieroglyphical texts, executed with a care and fidelity rare even in the best publications of this class. The extremely moderate price affixed to the volume bears no relation to the pains bestowed upon its production. It is a labour of love, and one requiring a combination of qualities such as is rarely found. The public may be congratulated on having, in Mr. Bonomi, the man above all others fitted to preside over the collection in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Had not the technical objections which were, it will be recollected, made against his appointment been fortunately overruled, the sarcophagus would probably have remained useless to science.

The subject of the pictures and inscriptions engraven upon this royal coffin is the passage of the soul of the deceased in the boat of the sun, through the regions of the under-world. In the rising and setting of the sun the Egyptians saw an emblem of birth and death, and it was a leading idea of their religion that the souls of the just were at death united with the sun, the supposed source of life, and that they continued for ever to circulate with him in his daily and nightly voyages above and beneath the world. The under-world was filled with the strangest imaginary scenery. It was supposed to consist of a series of halls, each of which was entered by a massive door, over which a serpent perpetually kept watch. On the outside of the sarcophagus four of these halls are shown, the sun's boat being represented passing through them. There are three rows of figures, the sun procession occupying the middle row; above and below it are the various beings, divine or diabolic, who inhabit the hall. The hieroglyphical inscriptions recite the conversations which take place between the sun and those personages. In the inside of the coffin are four similar representations. Four more halls were represented on the lid, but of these a few fragments alone remain. There were thus, in all, twelve halls, corresponding

possibly to the twelve hours of the night. Besides these halls and their inhabitants, there are one or two other scenes represented, of which the most curious is that in which Osiris appears sitting as judge of the dead, the figure of the deceased standing before him bearing on his shoulder the balance in which his merits and demerits are to be weighed, while a cynocephalus in a boat carries away the sinful part of him in the shape of a hog.

We have, in this series of pictures, a prototype of the mediæval *Divina Commedia*. Amongst the various personages who inhabit the halls through which the sun's boat passes, we find evil-doers of various kinds scorched and consumed by the fiery breath of serpents, while the virtuous are rewarded with an easy existence and abundance of food from the tables of the gods. In one compartment is that well-known picture in which the four races of men are represented, and which gives us the Egyptian views of ethnology in the fourteenth century B.C. It appears, from this, that they divided mankind into four principal races—Egyptians, Asiatics, Negroes, and Libyans. Or, possibly, these four races were recognised as inhabitants of Egypt, for they are all termed the flocks or goats of the sun; but the Egyptians and Negroes are said to have been created by Horus, while the Asiatics and Libyans were created by Pasht, the lioness-headed goddess of Northern Egypt. The physiognomies of the representatives of the several races are not defined upon the coffin, but in the repetition of the picture which is found on the walls of the tomb, and which is given in Belzoni's work, the features and dresses are clearly marked. The Egyptians, with uncle Toby, had arrived at the conclusion that the negro has a soul, for the inscription pronounces a blessing upon all the races, Negroes included, and commits the care of the souls of the Egyptians and Negroes to Horus, of those of the Asiatics and Libyans to Pasht. Serpents, we find, abounded in the Egyptian Hades, but of very various dispositions. Some are represented as the enemies of the sun, and destined to defeat and destruction; others have a beneficent or useful character.

Mr. Sharpe has prefixed to Mr. Bonomi's plates a general description of the sarcophagus and of the pictures; but, as he has attempted no decipherment of the hieroglyphical texts which accompany and to some extent explain the pictures, his descriptions do not throw much light upon these representations. The king for whom this elaborate sarcophagus was executed was Seti, surnamed Meri-en-Ptah, the father of Rameses the Great. His name has been preserved by Manetho under the form of Sethos. According to Dr. Lepsius, he began to reign B.C. 1439, and reigned fifty-one years. Dr. Brugsch places him twenty years earlier. Mr. Sharpe, for reasons which appear to us very insufficient, supposes the king to have reigned about two hundred years later. Whatever may be the exact year in the world's history when he began to reign, it is at all events certain that he was the father of that king who passes for the persecuting Pharaoh famous in Israelitish history. He made war against the inhabitants of Syria, and some of the most beautiful works of Egyptian art are the representations of his return from this campaign, bringing with him many captive kings. His reign was one of the culminating periods of Egyptian taste and skill. There is a cast in the Crystal Palace, taken from the wall of the temple of Karnak, which represents Seti in his chariot, dragging his captives after him. If this be a true likeness of the king, he must have been an Egyptian Apollo. The artist who designed this work was a Raffaele in his way; the composition combines the highest grace with lifelike representation of the subordinate characters, and admirable grouping. The profile of the king is slightly Jewish—a characteristic which is still more strongly developed in his son Rameses, and in some of his predecessors. The discovery has lately been made that these kings were not of pure Egyptian descent, but that they traced their origin to a branch of the Shepherd Kings. This accounts for the circumstance, hitherto puzzling, of the high respect paid by the kings of this family to the Northern or Asiatic god, Set, known in later times under the Greek name of Typhon, and identified with the evil principle. The king's own name, Seti, is in fact taken from this god, the tutelary deity of that foreign race which produced so deep an effect upon the history and development of Egypt. Mr. Sharpe calls the king Ai, or Oi, and, with the addition of the cognomen, Oimeneptah. This reading is accepted by no other Egyptologist, and can indeed be easily demonstrated to have no solid foundation. It is certainly to be regretted that the name Oimeneptah should have been put upon the title-page of this work for the bewilderment of students of Egyptology, who, unless they happen to have studied the very peculiar views of Egyptian history to which, in defiance of recent discovery, Mr. Sharpe adheres, will be puzzled to know what king is meant by this title. In his description of the sarcophagus Mr. Sharpe gives us a brief summary of his notion of Egyptian history by way of appendix. It is sufficient to say that this rests upon erroneous readings of hieroglyphical signs, and still more upon the ignoring of a number of facts now well known and ascertained. Mr. Sharpe, for instance, sweeps out of Egyptian history the whole space of time between the twelfth and the eighteenth dynasties, which includes five hundred years of the Shepherd Kings' dominion, and we know not how many centuries beside of Theban kings. This is what is called the "short chronology." It is, however, clearly known, from monuments, that the Shepherd and other kings did intervene between these dynasties. The exact length of time they occupied is doubtful, but of their existence there is no doubt. It is high time, therefore, that this "short

\* The Alabaster Sarcophagus of Oimeneptah I., King of Egypt, now in Sir John Soane's Museum. Drawn by Joseph Bonomi, and described by Samuel Sharpe. London: Longman & Co.

chronology" were banished to the limbo of exploded errors. What the real length of the Egyptian historic period is, no one is yet able authoritatively to say, and very great discrepancies prevail in the schemes proposed even by those who have the most comprehensive knowledge of the data. But no views can be admitted by which indisputably established data are absolutely ignored. All fresh discoveries countenance the view that the chronology of Egypt must be expanded, rather than diminished, in order to admit the long lines of monarchs the fact of whose existence their monumental records force us to believe.

Mr. Sharpe has some peculiar views of his own concerning the animal which represents the god Set, from whom the king Seti took his name. This animal is a nondescript; it is something like a dog, but with ears artificially squared, and a long snout. It was the embodiment or emblem of the god of Northern Egypt and of the adjacent parts of Asia. As such an emblem it was used in the very earliest period of Egyptian history of which we have monumental record. After the expulsion of the Asiatic invaders, the worship of this god was popular in Egypt for many centuries, the ruling family being, as we have seen, related to the chiefs of these invaders, and making it a matter of policy to cultivate friendly relations with the remnant of their race. The worship of Set was, in fact, a symbol of the *entente cordiale* between the Upper Egyptian people and those of the half-Asiatic delta. It was not until very late times that this cordial feeling was disturbed. At some period in Egyptian history not exactly ascertainable, an attack was made upon the god Set and his representative, and the figure of the crop-eared dog was most carefully chiselled out wherever it was found on any public monument. Mr. Sharpe ascribes this proceeding to the latter part of the reign of King Seti, or of his son Rameses. We believe the fact to be that it did not take place until Ptolemaic times, when Set became identified with Typhon, and was made the personification of evil. The subject is, however, yet involved in some obscurity. With regard to the animal in question, Mr. Sharpe identifies it with an Abyssinian dog, with long ears, called the Fenek. This creature certainly corresponds but very partially to the grotesque animal of the Egyptian representations, which we should rather take to be some tame variety of the common dog cropped by art. The early Egyptians, as we know from pictures in the tombs, had several varieties closely resembling those in which the dog-fanciers of the present day delight, and this one may have been of a breed fashionable some centuries before the pyramids were built, and may have become extinct at a time anterior to all monumental records. That it may even have been an animal of a species now extinct does not seem impossible. Its *habitat*, at any rate, must have been the northern part of Egypt. Mr. Sharpe supposes the deity with the head of the square-eared dog to be, not Set, but Anubis, a view which is demonstrably erroneous. The figures of Anubis are well known; they have the head of a jackal, not a dog, as the classical authors wrongly supposed. The name of the god Set, or Sutech, is found, spelt at length, continually, accompanying the figure with the square-eared dog's head, and the smallest acquaintance with Egyptian texts is sufficient to dissipate this error.

It is a curious circumstance that the figure of the god Set, which is used to spell the name of King Seti in the monuments erected by him during his lifetime, is in his tomb exchanged for the figure of Osiris, as though after death his name has been altered to Osirei. Mr. Sharpe, taking the first letter only of Osiris, makes out of this his O-i. It is sufficient to remark upon this, that the use of an object or figure as a hieroglyphic sign to express merely its initial letter is quite exceptional; in pronouncing this posthumous name, an Egyptian would have enunciated the whole name of Osiris, adding to it the final i. But it is also to be remarked that Osiris is a Grecised form of the Egyptian name of this god, and that in the original the first letter was probably not O. Although it would be impossible to affirm what was the exact pronunciation which an Egyptian of the fourteenth century B.C. would have given to this name, there is one thing of which we may be reasonably positive—namely, that it was not O-i.

#### FRANCE UNDER THE BUONAPARTIST GOVERNMENT.\*

THIS book belongs to a class on which we naturally look with some suspicions. John Bull opens his shores to all exiles, but he somehow has a sort of uncomfortable feeling about them. He cannot avoid a notion that there is something not quite canny about a Prince who lives at 7 Parsons' Green, Fulham, and who prints his book at his own press at 14 Panton Street, Haymarket. We know nothing whatever against Prince Peter Dolgoroukow, because we know nothing at all about him except what we can make out from his book. But we cannot help feeling that such a Prince stands in need of some sort of chaperon or godfather, some *ποσούτης* according to the old Athenian law. Prince Dolgoroukow claims several times to write from private information, from conversations held with eminent persons. How far can this sort of information be trusted? If we had anybody to guarantee Prince Dolgoroukow, it would be all very well. We dare say it is all true, but we do not feel quite certain. We commonly eschew recommendatory prefaces, and we have no special love for dedications by permission. But this is just the case for a recommendatory preface, for a dedication by permission—for something or other, no matter what its form, to show that Prince Peter

Dolgoroukow is a real man and a real Prince, that what he says is the real evidence of a trustworthy witness, and not something cooked up at secondhand or put forth by some well-known person under an assumed name.

The book itself, as far as it goes, seems to us to be a mistake both in form and matter. In saying this we certainly do not write with any wish to spare Louis Napoleon Buonaparte or his aids or abettors. We only doubt whether Prince Peter Dolgoroukow has hit upon the right way of attacking them. First of all, in the two "livraisons" before us—more of which are promised—we do not get on the main subject at all. "*Le Régime Bonapartiste*" is not touched; all that we get is an account of the early life of Louis Napoleon and his companions, an account of the state of parties in France from the Restoration onwards, a history of Louis Napoleon's Presidency of the Republic, with a description of the *coup d'état*—this last almost wholly borrowed from published works. Now of these portions the account of the various French parties is written, for the most part, in such a fair and moderate way as to make us greatly to regret the character of a great deal of the rest. Prince Peter Dolgoroukow's sympathies lie wholly with all that is best in the French nation. He professes himself to be in theory a republican, but, holding that France is not fit for a republic, he is practically an Orleanist. He is thus, as it were, divided between the moderate republican party and that of the constitutional monarchy, looking on them as seeking essentially the same ends by different means. But he quite appreciates the really noble side of the old Legitimist party. He has no love for the Communists and, we need not say, none for the Buonapartists, or, as he queerly calls them, the "Budgetists." But we think he leaves out an element of real strength on the side of the existing Government. No doubt the men who had a share in the conspiracy of 1851, and whom the success of that conspiracy has brought into power, are quite unworthy of the honourable name of a political party. France has fallen into the hands of a company of adventurers whose game has happened to be successful. For them we have not a word to say. But they could hardly have won, and they certainly could not have kept their power, unless they had something else to rest upon. One cannot doubt that there is throughout France a considerable mass of real Buonapartist feeling, which, stupid and abject as it is, is just as honest as the opposite Legitimist feeling. Both alike are superstitions at which we wonder, but one is just as real as the other. In fact they are the same feeling, taking different forms in different classes. As the high-born and better educated class looks back to the Legitimate Monarchy, the ignorant peasant looks back to the First Empire. To him that Empire is the Legitimate Monarchy; a Buonaparte is to him what a Bourbon is to the other. The First Empire is as far back as his political memory goes; and both the First Empire and the Second appeal to feelings to which none of the Governments which came between them appeal. The Restoration was not glorious in any sense; the utmost that can be said for it is that Charles the Tenth was driven from his throne for attempting to do a small part of what Louis Napoleon daily does. The Orleans Monarchy appealed to men's reason, not to glory in the French sense. As for the Republic, what can be said of a Republic which entrusted its chief magistrate with the power of making himself Tyrant at any moment? Whether a rationally planned Republic could have stood is another question, but a Republic which gave any one man the sole command of a gigantic army could only be a stepping-stone to despotism. None of these Governments appeal to the weak points of the French character in the way in which both Empires do. The constitutional monarchy gave France a nearer approach to rational freedom than France had ever had before; a free Parliament and a free press gave the intellect of France a career which had no parallel in any other time. The moderate republicans aimed at the same objects in another way. But equality without liberty, only with plenty of glory, universal suffrage where there is nothing to vote about, go down better with a vast multitude of Frenchmen than anything that a free government of any kind can offer them. The present system crushes everything that is good and noble in France; all the virtue and all the intellect of the country are against it, but it probably has a numerical majority on its side. The votes of 1851 and 1852, indeed, prove nothing; but the vote of 1848 proves a great deal. That was a free vote with a real alternative. A vast majority preferred the Nephew of my Uncle, known only as the Nephew of my Uncle, to the patriot Cavaignac. They preferred a man who could have no aim but the tyranny to a man who had the tyranny in his hands and let it go at the bidding of the law. It is clear that on such a people republics and constitutional monarchies are thrown away. This in no way justifies the conspirators of 1851; it throws no slur on those who, before and since, have striven to bring about a better state of things. But it does show that the present system rests on something stronger than Prince Dolgoroukow's "Budgetists." And this fact Prince Dolgoroukow's account of the state of things does not put forth so prominently as it ought to do.

A large part of the rest of the book deals with the personal acts and character of Louis Napoleon and his associates in times before their political appearance in France. This is delicate ground, and we do not think that Prince Dolgoroukow treads it very successfully. Not that there is much of scandal in the narrower sense—very little indeed except what relates to Louis Napoleon's real or asserted parentage. Now this, we think, is quite a mistake. It cannot really matter whether Louis Napoleon is really the son of the elder Louis Buonaparte or not. It might

\* *La France sous le Régime Bonapartiste*. Par le Prince Pierre Dolgoroukow. Première et deuxième Livraisons. Londres: Stanislas Tchorzewski. 1864.



possibly matter in the case of a Bourbon; it is not worth inquiring into in the case of a Buonaparte. Those to whom the Buonaparte family, as such, is an object of worship would never listen to argument on the point. To those who either hate or admire Louis Napoleon on his own account, his origin is of no consequence; the man is the same, for evil or for good, whoever may be his father. We are utterly indifferent who was the father of Dionysius, elder or younger, or whether Caius Julius Caesar was really the true descendant of Iulus. One might possibly have a languid curiosity about such matters, simply as matters of curiosity, but they are of no political moment whatever, and are therefore quite out of place in political writing. So with any personal vices, frauds, faults of any kind, with which the early career of Louis Napoleon or of his friends may be charged. They might have been pleaded with perfect force against his election in 1848; they are not of the least importance now. Those who see in the *coup d'état* of 1851 one of the most fearful crimes in history do not care to reckon up how many of the commandments its perpetrator may have broken in his own person. What does it matter whether the author of a massacre did or did not kill, or try to kill, one soldier at Boulogne? What does it matter whether the confiscator of the Orleans property, the betrayer of Venice, the robber of Savoy, did or did not commit some paltry fraud in London years before? Counts of this sort really weaken the force of the main indictment. If they are to be dealt with at all, it should be in that marvellous style of which Mr. Kinglake is the master. Prince Dolgoroukow spoils the whole thing by unskilful daubing; even in describing the master-crime itself, he cannot refrain from sticking in little interjections about "parjure," "escroc," &c., which simply damage his own cause. It is enough that Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, chosen President of the Republic, swore to be faithful to the Republic, and then used the limited powers vested in him by the constitution to overthrow constitution, Republic, liberty in every form. It is enough that he has used the power acquired by fraud and bloodshed, not indeed for brutal oppression, but for the subtler mischief of national corruption; that he has fattened up the bodies of his subjects and crushed every movement of their intellects. It is enough that he has kept Europe and all the world in commotion, sometimes by acts of open wrong, sometimes by mere uneasiness as to what a conspirator on a throne might be plotting. This is our case—a case which does not need any sort of private scandal to back it. So with Persigny, Morny, and the rest of them; it matters little who they were and what they had done before they emerged from obscurity. They are the abject minions of a tyrant, and that is enough.

A book like Mr. Kinglake's, dealing with these matters in a most cutting, but at the same time polished and dignified style, may do good; but the coarse handling of Prince Dolgoroukow can only damage the cause. The accounts of the *coup d'état* are not Prince Dolgoroukow's own; they are avowedly copied from Schoelcher, Victor Hugo, and others who were there and wrote at the time. These accounts are pieces of real history; but we like them better when they are not in company with the rest of Prince Dolgoroukow's matter. In themselves, it is well for any who have not read them to read them, and for any who have read them to read them again. It is wonderful how short the public memory is, how utterly a great number of people have forgotten the real nature of the events of 1851. No doubt a generation has grown up since who know the story only by hearsay, and who, if the contrary is not carefully impressed upon them, look on Louis Napoleon Buonaparte as the natural Sovereign of France. They can, indeed, hardly think that he quietly succeeded Napoleon the First, if only because he calls himself Napoleon the Third. But we suspect that this numerical imposture pays, like some other impostures. "Napoleon the Third" suggests the idea of a lawful, settled, regular dynasty, and this advantage fully counterbalances the absurd inconsistency of the title in the eyes of those who know that there never was any Napoleon the Second. These "Emperors" are a very canny class of men. The "title of Napoleon the Third" pays, just as the title of "Emperor of Austria" pays; a few see through it, but the mass are taken in. But even people who can remember the events of 1851, even people who profess to know all about them, fall into wonderful confusions. We have known people who were of mature age at the time, who, when talking over the matter in later times, could not in the least understand how the words conspiracy and rebellion could be applied to the doings of Louis Napoleon in 1851. How could he conspire or rebel? Was he not Emperor, or, if not Emperor, something that was all the same? The people who conspired and rebelled must have been, not he, but those who opposed him. We have known professed advocates of Louis Napoleon jumble up the events of 1848 and of 1851, till they made it seem that the "Empire" was established by putting down the revolt of June, and that it was only the revolt of June who opposed its establishment. It was only Red Republicans, Socialists, people of that kind, who stood in the way. When we have hinted that, among other honourable people who were carried off to gaol, there was one Alexis de Tocqueville, not exactly a Red Republican or a Socialist, our Buonapartist friends have seemed not perfectly clear who Alexis de Tocqueville was. Others, a degree wiser, admit the facts, even the massacre, but say that no massacre was intended by Louis Napoleon. We answer that we do not suppose that Louis Napoleon has any pleasure in massacres. We do not suppose that on December 2nd he deliberately planned to kill a certain number of people on December 4th. He merely planned to gain a certain political object; if it could be gained

quietly, so much the better, but, if it be necessary to kill people in order to gain it, let them be killed. The man who puts down the constitution of his country by violence is guilty of all the bloodshed which may be the consequence, whether it turns out to be more or less than he reckoned on. Louis Philippe refused to shed blood even in the lawful defence of established power; Louis Napoleon was ready to shed it for the unlawful establishment of an usurped power. The latter course may be that best suited for one who aspires to be master of Frenchmen, but we know which of the two is the better man.

It is much to be wished that people's minds should be periodically refreshed on these rather important points, but we fear that the way of refreshing them chosen by Prince Peter Dolgoroukow will rather damage than promote the cause which he has at heart.

#### JOYCE ON COURTS OF SPIRITUAL APPEAL.\*

NOTHING can be more natural than the extreme dissatisfaction felt by a large body of persons in the Church of England at the present Court of Final Appeal in matters of doctrine. The grievance, and its effect, may have been exaggerated; and the expressions of feeling about it certainly have not always been the wisest and most becoming. But as the Church of England is acknowledged to hold certain doctrines on matters of the highest importance, and, in common with all other religious bodies, claims the right of saying what are her own doctrines, it is not surprising that an arrangement which seems likely to end in handing over to indifferent or unfriendly judges the power of saying what those doctrines are, or even whether she has any doctrines at all, should create irritation and impatience. There is nothing peculiar to the English Church in the assumption, either that outsiders should not meddle with and govern what she professes to believe and teach, or that the proper and natural persons to deal with theological questions are the class set apart to teach and maintain her characteristic belief. Whatever may ultimately become of these assumptions, they unquestionably represent the ideas which have been derived down from the earliest and the uniform practice of the Christian Church to most even of the sects which have separated from it. To any one who does not look upon the English Church as simply a legally constituted department of the State, like the army or navy or the department of revenue, and believes it to have a basis and authority of its own antecedent to its rights by statute, there cannot but be a great anomaly in an arrangement which, when doctrinal questions are pushed to their final issues, seems to deprive her of any voice or control in the matters in which she is most interested, and commits them to the decision, not merely of a lay, but of a secular and not necessarily even Christian court, where the feeling about them is not unlikely to be that represented by the story, told by Mr. Joyce, of the eminent lawyer who said of some theological debate that he could only decide it "by tossing up a coin of the realm." The anomaly of such a court can hardly be denied, both as a matter of theory and—supposing it to matter at all what Church doctrine really is—as illustrated in some late results of its action. It is still more provoking to observe, as Mr. Joyce brings out in his historical sketch, that simple carelessness and blundering have conspired with the evident tendency of things to cripple and narrow the jurisdiction of the Church in what seems to be her proper sphere. The ecclesiastical appeals, before the Reformation, were to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction alone. They were given to the civil power by the Tudor legislation, but to the civil power acting, if not by the obligation of law, yet by usage and in fact, through ecclesiastical organs and judges. Lastly, by a recent change, of which its authors have admitted that they did not contemplate the effect, these appeals are now to the civil jurisdiction acting through purely civil courts. It is an aggravation of this, when the change which seems so formidable has become firmly established, to be told that it was, after all, the result of accident and inadvertence, and a "careless use of terms in drafting an Act of Parliament;" and that difficult and perilous theological questions have come, by "a haphazard chance," before a court which was never meant to decide them. It cannot be doubted that those who are most interested in the Church of England feel deeply and strongly about keeping up what they believe to be the soundness and purity of her professed doctrine; and they think that, under fair conditions, they have clear and firm ground for making good their position. But it seems by no means unlikely that in the working of the court of final appeal there will be found a means of evading the substance of questions, and of disposing of very important issues by a side wind, to the prejudice of what have hitherto been recognised as rightful claims. An arrangement which bears hard upon the Church theoretically, as a controversial argument in the hands of Dr. Manning or Mr. Binney, and as an additional proof of its Erastian subjection to the State, and which also works ill and threatens serious mischief, may fairly be regarded by Churchmen with jealousy and dislike, and be denounced as injurious to interests for which they have a right to claim respect. The complaint that the State is going to force new senses on theological terms, or to change by an unavowed process the meaning of acknowledged formularies in such a body as the English Church, is at least as deserving of attention as the reluctance of conscientious Dissenters to pay Church-rates.

\* *Ecclesia Vindicata; a Treatise on Appeals in Matters Spiritual.* By James Wayland Joyce. London: Saunders & Otley.

Mr. Joyce's book shows comprehensively and succinctly the history of the changes which have brought matters to their present point, and the look which they wear in the eyes of a zealous Churchman, disturbed both by the shock given to his ideas of fitness and consistency, and by the prospect of practical evils. It is a clergyman's view of the subject, but it is not disposed of by saying that it is a clergyman's view. It is incomplete and one-sided, and leaves out considerations of great importance which ought to be attended to in forming a judgment on the whole question; but it is difficult to say that, regarded simply in itself, the claim that the Church should settle her own controversies, and that Church doctrine should be judged of in Church courts, is not a reasonable one. The truth is that the present arrangement, if we think only of its abstract suitableness and its direct and ostensible claims to our respect, would need Swift himself to do justice to its exquisite unreasonableness. It is absurd to assume, as it is assumed in the whole of our ecclesiastical legislation, that the Church is bound to watch most jealously over doctrine, and then at the last moment to refuse her the natural means of guarding it. It is absurd to assume that the "spirituality" are the only proper persons to teach doctrine, and then to act as if they were unfit to judge of doctrine. It is not easy, in the abstract, to see why articles which were trusted to clergymen to draw up may not be trusted to clergymen to explain, and why what there was learning and wisdom enough to do in the violent party times and comparative inexperience of the Reformation, cannot be safely left to the learning and wisdom of our day for correction or completion. If Churchmen and ecclesiastics may care too much for the things about which they dispute, it seems undeniable that lawyers, who need not even be Christians, may care for them too little; and if the Churchmen make a mistake in the matter, at least it is their own affair, and they may be more fairly made to take the consequences of their own acts than of other people's. A strong case, if a strong case were all that was wanted, might be made out for a change in the authority which at present pronounces in the last resort on Church of England doctrine.

But the difficulty is, not to see that the present state of things, which has come about almost by accident, is irregular and unsatisfactory, and that in it the civil power has stolen a march on the privileges which even Tudors and Hanoverians left to the Church, but to suggest what would be more just and more promising. A mixed tribunal, composed of laymen and ecclesiastics, would be in effect, as Mr. Joyce perceives, simply the present court with a sham colour of Church authority added to it; and he describes with candid force the confusion which might arise if the lawyers and divines took different sides, and how, in the unequal struggle, the latter might "find themselves hopelessly prostrate in the stronger grasp of their more powerful associates." His own scheme of a theological and ecclesiastical committee of reference, to which a purely legal tribunal might send down questions of doctrine to be answered, as "experts," or juries give answers about matters of science or matters of fact, is hardly more hopeful; for even he would not bind the legal court, as of course it could not be bound, to accept the doctrine of the ecclesiastical committee. He promises, indeed, on the authority of Lord Derby, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the lawyers would accept the answer of the divines; but whatever the scandal is now, it would be far greater if an unorthodox judgment were given in flat contradiction to the report of the committee of reference. As to a purely ecclesiastical court of appeal, in the present state of the Church both in England and all over the world, it ought to console those who must be well aware that here at least it is hardly to be looked for, to reflect how such courts act, after all, where they have the power to act, and how far things would have gone in a better or happier fashion among us if, instead of the Privy Council, there had been a tribunal of divines to give final judgment. The history of appeals to Rome, from the days of the Jansenists and Fénelon to those of Lamennais, may be no doubt satisfactory to those who believe it necessary to ascribe to the Pope the highest wisdom and the most consummate justice; but to those who venture to notice the real steps of the process, and the collateral considerations, political and local, which influenced the decision, the review is hardly calculated to make those who are debarred from it regret the loss of this unalloyed purity of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. And, as regards ourselves, it is true that an ecclesiastical tribunal would hardly have been ingenious enough to find the means of saying that Messrs. Wilson and Williams had not taught in contradiction to the doctrines of the English Church, and that they actually, under its present constitution, possessed the liberty which, under a different—and, as some people think, a better—constitution, they might possess. But it ought also to be borne in mind what other judgments ecclesiastical tribunals might have given. An ecclesiastical tribunal, unless it had been packed or accidentally one-sided, would probably have condemned Mr. Gorham. An ecclesiastical tribunal would almost certainly have expelled Archdeacon Denison from his preferment. Indeed, the judgment of the Six Doctors on Dr. Pusey, arbitrary and unconstitutional as it may be considered, was by no means a doubtful foreshadowing of what a verdict upon him would have been from any court that we can imagine formed of the high ecclesiastical authorities of the time. It undoubtedly seems the most natural thing in the world that a great religious body should settle, without hindrance, its own doctrines and control its own ministers; but it is also some compensation for the perversity with which the course of things has interfered with ideal completeness, that

our condition, if it had been theoretically perfect, would have been practically intolerable.

It would be highly unwise in those who direct the counsels of the Church of England to accept a practical disadvantage for the gain of a greater simplicity and consistency of system. The true moral to be deduced from the anomalies of ecclesiastical appeals seems to be, to have as little to do with them as possible. The idea of seeking a remedy for the perplexities of theology in judicial rulings, and the rage for having recourse to law courts, are of recent date in our controversies. They were revived among us as one of the results of the violent panic caused by the Oxford movement, and of the inconsiderate impatience of surprised ignorance for extreme and forcible measures; and as this is a kind of game at which, when once started, both parties can play, the policy of setting the law in motion to silence theological opponents has become a natural and favourite one. But it may be some excuse for the legislators who, in 1833, in constructing a new court of appeal, so completely forgot or underrated the functions which it would be called to discharge in the decision of momentous doctrinal questions, that at the time no one thought much of carrying theological controversies to legal arbitrement. The experiment is a natural one to have been made in times of strong and earnest religious contention; but, now that it has had its course, it is not difficult to see that it was a mistaken one. There seems something almost ludicrously incongruous in bringing a theological question into the atmosphere and within the technical handling of a law court, and in submitting delicate and subtle attempts to grasp the mysteries of the unseen and the infinite, of God and the soul, of grace and redemption, to the hard logic and intentionally confined and limited view of forensic debate. Theological truth, in the view of all who believe in it, must always remain independent of a legal decision; and, therefore, as regards any real settlement, a theological question must come out of a legal sentence in a totally different condition from any others where the true and indisputable law of the case is, for the time at least, what the supreme tribunal has pronounced it to be. People chafed at not getting what they thought the plain broad conclusions from facts and documents accepted; they appealed to law from the uncertainty of controversy, and found law still more uncertain, and a good deal more dangerous. They thought that they were going to condemn crimes and expel wrong-doers; they found that these prosecutions inevitably assumed the character of the old political trials, which were but an indirect and very mischievous form of the struggle between two avowed parties, and in which, though the technical question was whether the accused had committed the crime, the real one was whether the alleged crime were a crime at all. Accordingly, wider considerations than those arising out of the strict merits of the case told upon the decision; and the negative judgment, and resolute evasion of a condemnation, in each of the cases which were of wide and serious importance, were proofs of the same tendency in English opinion which has made political trials, except in the most extreme cases, almost inconceivable. They mean that the questions raised must be fought out and settled in a different and more genuine way, and that law feels itself out of place when called to interfere in them. As all parties have failed in turning the law into a weapon, and yet as all parties have really gained much more than they have lost by the odd anomalies of our ecclesiastical jurisprudence, the wisest course would seem to be for those who feel the deep importance of doctrinal questions to leave the law alone, either as to employing it or attempting to change it. Controversy, argument, the display of the intrinsic and inherent strength of a great and varied system, are what all causes must in the last resort trust to. Lord Westbury will have done the Church of England more good than perhaps he thought of doing, if his dicta make theologians see that they can be much better and more hopefully employed than in trying legal conclusions with unorthodox theorists, or in busying themselves with inventing imaginary improvements for a final court of appeal.

#### DR. RAFFLES.\*

THOMAS RAFFLES was descended from a Yorkshire family of considerable respectability for three centuries past. His father was a solicitor in Spitalfields, then still the residence of the representatives of the French refugee families; his mother was a Wesleyan of the earlier generation—that is, a very excellent person; and he was born in May 1788. He received his education for three years at a boarding-school at Peckham, and was remarked chiefly for a peculiar, perhaps premature, sedateness, and an unusually animated delivery of the annual "speeches." At fifteen he was taken from school to be a clerk in Doctors' Commons. But the influence of an Independent minister recalled him soon to Peckham, where he wrote juvenile poetry with much applause, and prepared himself for admission, in due time, to Homerton College. Here, under the tuition of Dr. Pye Smith, he gained a sufficiency of Nonconformist theology, but he never ceased to regret the intellectual inadequacy of his early training. At as early an age as nineteen, after the custom of Nonconformist communities, he was sent out to preach; at first "to a destitute church" at Ashford, then to some place in Essex, the Borough, and different places in Kent—always with much popularity, and with quite enough self-consciousness

\* *Memoirs of the Life and Ministry of the Rev. Thomas Raffles, D.D., LL.D., &c. &c.* By Thomas Stamford Raffles, Esq., B.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Stipendiary Magistrate for the Borough of Liverpool. London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder. 1864.



to note the fact down in his diary *seriatim*, wherever it occurred, salving it over occasionally with quaint little apologies to his better self, such as "I record this with gratitude, but would supplicate humility." It never seems to have occurred to him that the first result of a successful "supplication" of the sort would have been the immediate obliteration of the "record." While still nineteen, he is invited to Southampton for a few months. He thinks he discerns "the hand of Providence in it;" fills the chapel; receives some more invitations from Ware, and a couple of other places apparently too insignificant to be named—hand of Providence not discernible at all in those directions. Presently, after a return to London, the Southampton people desire him to "settle" there, for twelve months at all events, as the colleague of their venerable minister, with all the prospects implied in the adjective; hand of Providence oscillates for two months; but—

He was now a constant and popular preacher in and around London, and amongst other places had very frequently occupied the pulpit at Hammersmith.

The pulpit at Hammersmith happened, moreover, to become not venerable, but vacant, within a few days after the Southampton missive arrived; so he writes to the bereaved Southamptonians:—

At length, after having viewed the subject in all its various connexions, and having obtained the advice of the most experienced and judicious of my friends, and, above all, having sought the direction of the Father of Lights, the result of the whole is a decided conviction that it is not my duty to accept your invitation to return to Southampton.

The biographer sensibly, but with unconscious severity, remarks:—

The reasons which influenced Mr. Raffles in declining an invitation to a place which he evidently regarded with favour, where there was every probability that he would have permanently settled, do not appear. It may be imagined, however, that the attractions of a wider sphere of labour in the metropolis prevailed.

An old and cynical minister, of somewhat earlier date than Dr. Raffles, in answer to a younger "brother" who, on a similar occasion, "saw his call to go to the metropolis very clear," sourly said, "Not a doubt of it; the difficulty is to find any one who can see his call clear to go away from it." We do not impute this sort of vanity to Dr. Raffles, if for no other reason, because he did leave it before long. We think his decision entirely right; only why not let "the reasons appear," and why use such magniloquent phraseology about it? When a poor curate on 100*l.* a year is offered a living of 200*l.*, he probably believes in God's Providence quite as sincerely as Dr. Raffles. But he simply states the fact as it stands, does not parody its indications into a sort of divine cheiromancy, and gets hard speeches about "loaves and fishes" from his Dissenting neighbours in return for his—we take leave to say—more reverent reticence. When a Dissenter obeys (as he pretty generally does) the dictates of ordinary common sense, he would do better to say so with simplicity, and leave Divine Providence to speak for itself; if he does not, he may find that he has an uncomfortable amount of unreality to answer for, in others as well as himself. Surely the proprietors of what we must call this profane sort of piety are well enough aware that Divine Providence orders *every* thing; and that its usual mode of ordering human action is by giving the agents the use of what, for want of a better name, we generally denominate common sense.

In this particular commodity the subject of the present memoir was very far indeed from being deficient. Evidence of his entire prudence meets us throughout. When he was invited, for instance, to take permanent charge of the Independent Chapel at Liverpool, where eventually he passed his life, he is in no sort of hurry. He deliberates for a month or two; takes plentiful counsel; goes down to Liverpool, to see and be seen; "negotiations were going on relative to the enlargement of his (present) chapel," and he does not interrupt them—"there was nothing to indicate that his residence at Hammersmith was drawing to a close." In truth he was in a very rational frame of mind, and meant to see his way clearly before he decided. Eventually, when he accepts the Liverpool Chapel, and its "300*l.* a-year with the prospect of an increase," his letter "to the Church of Christ assembling at Newington Chapel, Liverpool," is almost as business-like as if his father, the solicitor, had drawn it up. To be sure, legal verbiage is of necessity exchanged for about the same amount of Nonconformist circumlocution, but the postscript is as definite as an indenture:—

P.S. That nothing may remain uncertain in our future arrangements, allow me to say that, in becoming your pastor, I consider my public duties to be—preaching, morning and evening on the Sabbath day, and once during the week, besides prayer-meetings and other pastoral engagements. The pulpit I regard as my own, having, with affectionate deference to the opinions of others, the privilege of opening it to such only as may appear suitable persons to fill that important station. I must also express my desire of six weeks' yearly absence from public duties in Liverpool, for the necessary purposes of change of scene, relaxation, and intercourse with distant friends.

*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, and all just as it ought to be. "With affectionate deference to the opinions of others," he pretty clearly intimates that he intends to be guided by his own. And those who know Liverpool will not need to be told how faithfully he abided by his determination. Nobody, in church or chapel, ever more thoroughly ruled his congregation than the doctor did; and we believe the arrangement to have been an infinite blessing to the governed. Probably no congregation in England was less "independent," and none, therefore, more free from the evils of the anarchical self-will which is the bane of Nonconformist communities. In truth, his congregation were (barring the use of the stereotyped shibboleths on Sunday) as little like ordinary Dissenters as they well could be; they were a well-to-do and unusually educated set of Christians, and could afford to

let themselves be governed without feeling it necessary to snub their minister in order to keep up their self-importance. If occasionally a difficulty or two arose (and we cannot help thinking that there is now and then a little judicious silence observed by the biographer), it became very soon clear who was master; and an almost untroubled peace preserved through fifty years, in a large and energetic community, was the happy result. It should be added, in bare justice to Dr. Raffles himself, that he was one of the most single-minded of men. He identified himself heartily with the "Church" to which he belonged; with plenty of prudence, he had no selfishness; and he was much more judicious than the average deacon or seat-holder could imagine himself to be.

He had also great external advantages. Besides the accident of wealth on his wife's side, he possessed a singularly melodious voice and winning manner, a tone of authority with a graciousness of mien which never failed to command acquiescence, if it failed of exciting enthusiasm. He was quick-tempered, but entirely good-natured; he knew his own place and had a lively way (on occasion) of making other people know theirs; he was as prompt and vigorous in word as in action; he could chaff, and even snub, a recalcitrant or "bumptious" embryo-rebel when it happened to be needful, and used his faculties at times with alighting alacrity. Withal he was good-humoured to the edge of jocularity, and never punished anybody in this way without convincing him (or at all events convincing every one else) that it was all for his good. With this profound love of order, he was a man of broad and hearty sympathies, and an active peace-maker. Independent Nonconformity perhaps never showed its best aspect with fewer drawbacks than during the fifty years of his Liverpool episcopate.

That those same drawbacks are very considerable, this volume, *couléur-de-rose* as it is, affords abundant evidence. With all the wealth of his congregation, the biographer bluntly indicates that the debt upon Newington Chapel was paid substantially out of what should have been the minister's income. A debt on the old chapel was but slowly liquidated during twenty-eight years of his ministry, and was finally extinguished only by the insurance that became available on its destruction by fire—this latter precaution, by the way, having been due to the minister's forethought. It was not until 1841 that his stipend reached 700*l.* a year, and when, at the close of his ministry, the congregation volunteered him a retiring stipend of 400*l.*, for some unrecorded reason a resolution made to that effect in Great George Street at Liverpool, in February 7, did not reach him at Edge Hill before August 24—an unpleasant hiatus when the annuitant happens to be over seventy at the outset. Then, at Liverpool as elsewhere, there are signs of the usual distractions and jealousies about the employment of an "assistant." The good old man tried the experiment. One time a Mr. Hoskin tries his hand at it—chosen possibly because his Christian names were "Thomas Raffles"—with rather blank results, if we may gather anything from the biographer's manner of saying that that gentleman "continued to discharge its duties for fifteen months, but when he left Liverpool no further appointment was made." Some years afterwards a Mr. Pulsford appears on the scene; but a month's experience is enough for him. Dr. Raffles' own nephew is appealed to; but, "after a severe mental struggle of two months," common sense prevailed, as usual, and he remained where he was. "Supplies" (i.e. different neighbours taking turn-about at the pulpit which had been guarded originally with such jealous vigilance) were tried at times; but this pie-bald sort of preaching-apparatus seems to have suited nobody. Eventually the poor Doctor resigned, while he could still do it gracefully. One cannot help contrasting all this with the much-abused system of patronage which prevails in the communities that are beyond the torrid zone of pewrents; the quietly decaying old rector taking just as much or as little work as he pleases; his curate, with his own permanence (if he cares to stay) depending on his rector's, with nothing to hope or fear in the matter, and anyhow with no electioneering contingencies before him; and the people, equally placid, contented very fairly under the alternations of *mitis sapientia Læti* with the livelier homilies of the nice young man. It is not perfection, we all know, but it is a considerably nearer approach to it. We do not like to bestow more than a passing notice upon such flagrant ebullitions of religious selfishness as are suggested in the following passage:—

There are two Independent chapels here. I am going to preach to-morrow at both, but I am sorry to find a spirit between them that is not good, the people for whom I am to preach the collection sermons fearing lest my preaching at the other place may injure their collections. I regret this, and it has made me feel very uncomfortable in the anticipation of the services. But I am persuaded I have done right. My object is harmony, not division—souls, not money. Alas! what a world—and what a Church too—is this!

Dr. Raffles evidently did not understand the ordinary rules of business as between provincial managers and "stars," or he would have known that a promise to perform on one stage is held to imply silence at the "opposition shop." It is not quite pleasant to find that communities who transfer the "Sabbath" from Saturday to Sunday transfer, together with the name, the jealousies and rivalries of week-day money-making.

We have said almost nothing of Dr. Raffles' life, partly because we have preferred to look upon his career as a good specimen of Dissenting existence at the best; and partly because, apart from his pulpit, he can hardly be said to have had one. Nothing more eventful ever happened to him than being once or twice overtaken in a mail-coach in the course of the perpetual absences from home on preaching tours, at which his wife not unnaturally grumbled; and one occasion on which, in the middle of a sermon, all the gas-lights went out, and (so unruffled was his ordinary life) he remarks, as a

sort of minor miracle, that he remained "perfectly calm and collected." He travelled a good deal, and a volume of travels published in his early life had a fair reputation in its time. But these were not the days of "lispsings from low latitudes"; and we take it that not much of enduring travel-literature could have come from a good man who sees little in Lago Maggiore beyond "a noble expanse of water," whose account of Stromboli is that it "flares up like the light-house at New Brighton," and who, when standing "on the very stone on which Demosthenes pronounced his magnificent oration," could bethink himself of nothing more appropriate than "reciting one of the most eloquent passages of Robert Hall, while Dr. Halley sat in the seat of the judges and uttered his applause." Aristotle, fresh from his "Rhetoric" itself, would have been satisfied with this practical attainment of the bathos. Dr. Raffles, however, had a little poetry in him. One or two of his hymns are unaffected and well-written, and it was his fancy to address a poetic effusion to his congregation every New-Year's-day; but the casual imitations of *Childe Harold* given in this volume might have been suppressed without injury, and he mistook his vocation when he wasted time and paper upon rhymes. In the serio-comic line he was, contemporaries say, almost unrivalled; and one or two descriptions of foreign scenes (or rather of the figure he cut in them) are equal to the best efforts of the secular "fat contributor." His dolorous moans over his "bulk" are exquisite. The sufferings of four poor Italians whom he compelled to hoist it to the top of Vesuvius, intermingled with pathetic touches about the terror of its owner, are given with a life-like lugubriousness that is charming. And the scene at the pyramids—the doctor with "the moral courage to remain below," and his companion Dr. Halley up aloft on the top, his nerves failing and his head beginning to grow giddy, but retaining presence of mind enough to "chouse" a couple of rascally Arabs who tried to (what the two divines would call) "make a practical improvement of the opportunity"—is among the best bits of diary we have read for many a day.

Here we must leave Dr. Raffles—in many respects the best specimen of a Nonconformist minister, and in all respects the most fortunate, that the passing generation has known. The volume is excellently written, and sets him before us exactly as he was—very fond of preaching; very fond of noting down the multitudes that came to hear him, with an odd gratification at the "dreadful crowds" that crushed in the doorways, and the hundreds that were obliged to go away again; and with a crusty growl at people like the Hamburgers, where the congregation was "thin," or the Greenockers, who gave nothing but "large dishes of copper" in return for some "earnest pleadings"; very fond of order, and very clear about who was the best person to enforce it; very judicious, very genial, very kind-hearted, and a thorough Christian.

#### MURRAY'S HANDBOOK FOR PARIS.\*

AT last a great desideratum has been supplied, and English visitors to Paris are provided with a portable, well-arranged, and judiciously compiled handbook, which must of necessity supersede Galigani and every other guide-book to the French capital, whether French or English. The publication of this volume is by no means the least of the services which Mr. Murray has rendered to his travelling fellow-countrymen. The book, though bound in the familiar red cloth, is smaller than the usual size of the series; and the editor has been so succinct in his compilation that 260 pages contain all that he believes to be necessary, in the way of guidance and information, for an ordinary visitor to Paris. We are bound to say that, so far as our examination has extended, we think the book not only trustworthy, but sufficient for its purpose. Indeed, we have detected no considerable omissions, while more than once we thought that some superfluous statements might have been retrenched with advantage. We have always contended that, for a book of this sort, a strictly alphabetical order is the only sound and convenient principle of arrangement. We are, therefore, very glad to find that the editor is of the same opinion. All the descriptive part of this handbook is alphabetically disposed. Thus very few double or cross references are necessary. Everything can be found with the greatest facility, and the volume is not even cumbered with an index. We must mention also that the plan of the city is so large in scale and so clearly engraved that no other map will be wanted. Other useful plans are given, such as maps of the Bois de Boulogne, of Père la Chaise, of Versailles, and the general environs, besides skeleton ground-plans of the galleries of the Louvre and other principal museums. These latter are a very useful feature of the book.

The general alphabetical description of the city follows two preliminary chapters, one of which discusses the several routes between London and Paris, and the other professes to give condensed information about French money, measures, and weights, hotels and restaurants, cafés and public conveyances—all matters very necessary to be understood by a visitor. Few people, we imagine, are prepared to hear that more than half the houses in the fashionable parts of Paris are hotels, of which, indeed, it is said that there are no less than 4,000. Our own largest hotels—such as the Grosvenor and the Great Western—are dwarfed by comparison with the new Grand Hôtel on the Boulevard des Capucines (where the Rue Basse du Rempart formerly stood), which makes up 700 beds. Of the discomfort of this

and the Hôtel du Louvre the editor gives a most uninviting description, enlarging especially upon their imperfect sanitary arrangements, their long dark corridors, bad attendance, and high charges. Under the head of restaurants, he tells us that the Trois Frères Provençaux has still the best wine, and that Philippe's, in the Rue Montorgueil, "has a great reputation among gourmands." This is rather ill-naturedly put: for, after all, the end and purpose of a restaurant is to turn out a well-cooked dinner. And shortly afterwards, the Restaurant Vachette, on the Boulevard Montmartre, is specially commended for a good *cuisine* and splendid rooms. Who does not know the ludicrous embarrassment of the untravelled Englishman when an impatient waiter puts the *carte* in his hand and begs him to order his dinner. The handbook provides several forms by help of which the least-experienced tourist may compose a *menu* and (perhaps) escape detection as a novice. While we write, the newspapers announce that the well-known Café Foy, in the Palais Royal, having found no purchaser at any price, has been closed. In the Handbook it is praised more than once for its great respectability, "neither smoking, nor billiards, nor beer being permitted." It is unfortunate perhaps that hostilities of historic fame cannot stand their ground against modern rivals. Thus we believe that the famous old inn of the George at Portsmouth is at this moment shut up and abandoned.

The common herd of ordinary tourists slavishly obey their guide-book. It is safe to reckon that ninety-nine out of a hundred Englishmen visiting Paris in future will copy the model form here given of a letter of polite request, to be written on one's first arrival, for permission to see certain sights not usually shown to strangers. "Monsieur le Préfet du Dépt. de la Seine" may expect to receive a deluge of very elegant but slightly monotonous epistolary petitions to this effect. Of course a scheme for seeing Paris in a certain number of days is provided, but happily the itinerary is supposed to begin on any day of the week that may best suit the visitor. This may prevent the overcrowding of particular places on particular days that would otherwise have happened. A friend of ours, in the Exhibition year, having occasion one day to go to Camden Town, hailed in vain one after another of the "Waterloo" omnibuses. At last obtaining a seat, he found the carriage full of Frenchmen; and, to his increasing astonishment, he observed that the conductor was obliged to reject parties of foreigners at every turning. The mystery was solved when he noticed that every other man carried the same guide-book—some compendious method of seeing London in a week, which prescribed a visit to the Zoological Gardens on (say) Wednesday, and recommended a "Waterloo" omnibus as the best conveyance.

Among the most useful tables which the editor has put together in his introductory chapters, are the classified lists of objects of interest to various sorts of persons. Thus the galleries of pictures and sculpture, the various art-collections and museums, and the more important churches, are enumerated for the benefit of the artist; and similar bills of fare are provided for the antiquary, the architect, and the man of science. A list of charitable institutions and works of benevolence might well have been added for the use of such as might wish to study the social and religious life of the French capital. The population of Paris in 1863, reckoning all the dwellers within the fortifications which were made in 1860 (the new limits of the city), amounted to 1,696,141. There must be some typographical error in the figures given just before for the number of the population in 1861, which is stated to have been 1,953,160; unless we are to suppose a decrease of nearly 300,000 within two years. The editor calculates that the total municipal revenue for 1862 was a little less than eight millions sterling, and the expenditure about the same; but he adds that occasional loans are resorted to, whenever there is a deficiency. Remembering the cost of recent improvements in Paris, we must suspect some inaccuracy in these accounts, when we find that in the municipal budget for one year (1860) only 400,000*l.* was allowed for new buildings, &c. Speaking of the general aspect of the city, the editor contrasts it very favourably with London. He tells us that the poorest part of the population of Paris is to be found in the outskirts, as in the Faubourg St. Victor, Mouffetard, &c.; "but the Parisians may be proud," he says, "that Paris does not possess such dens of misery, filth, and vice as the vicinity of Tottenham Court Road, St. Giles', or Drury Lane can exhibit." Our own experience would have led us to suppose that some of the suburbs of Paris are not much less wretched than the worst parts of London. But we do not know that our neighbours have anything that answers to the howling wilderness of poverty that is to be found in the eastern regions of our own metropolis. Here is the editor's description of the marvels of modern Paris, the very thought of which has often made English architects and builders—if not tax-payers—long for even an Imperial despotism:—

Since 1851 the new buildings, restorations, new streets, &c. have thrown into the shade everything previously achieved at Paris, or probably in any other city of the world. The Louvre Palace has been thoroughly repaired and completed, the Place du Carrousel cleared, and generally every public edifice in Paris repaired, restored, or rebuilt. The buildings are, perhaps, however, less wonderful than the clearings. Paris, like most old Continental towns, consisted of a dense mass of old lofty houses, only accessible by narrow and crooked streets, impervious to light and air, and what was perhaps more thought of, to regular troops. To put an end to this state of things, the present Emperor has almost eviscerated Paris. The old and crowded houses which covered the ground from the Hôtel de Ville to the Louvre have been mostly pulled down, and wide streets and open spaces substituted. The reader may form some idea of the change when he is told that the tower of St. Jacques la Boucherie stood inaccessible in the midst of houses. By this means the Rue de Rivoli has been extended

\* A Handbook for Visitors to Paris. With Map and Plans. London: Murray. 1864.



from the Tuileries to the Hôtel de Ville, the Boulevard de Sebastopol broken through the densest quarters of Paris, cross streets made on each side of it, and wide streets or boulevards have been cut on the south side of the Seine. The quays on each side of the river have been extensively repaired, and made subservient to a system of sewerage, in which Paris had hitherto been very defective. These gigantic works are paid for, partly by the State, partly by the city of Paris; and the proprietors of the houses, taken for the purpose of improvements, are bought out and compensated as in England. Gas has been everywhere introduced, and the pavement much improved; in fact, it is now better than that of London.

Of the more detailed portion of the handbook we can give but a few unconnected notices. The editor tells us that the Bibliothèque Impériale is in process of reconstruction and rearrangement; and that a vast reading-room, somewhat after the fashion of M. Panizzi's glass dome at the British Museum, is being built within the great quadrangle. The author of the handbook is not very strong in ecclesiology or architecture. We notice, for instance, that M. Gau's Gothic church of Ste Clotilde is described as being "in the style of the Early Perpendicular, fourteenth century." Further on we see it stated that certain alarming cracks in the obelisk of Luxor are extending, as the granite disintegrates under the damp climate of Paris. We learn for the first time that, at S. Denis, M. Viollet le Duc has discovered, embedded in the adjoining buildings, the beautiful original south-transsept door, dating from the time of Suger himself. He is about to open it out and restore it. Under the head of the Hospice des Enfants Trouvés, the editor mentions that the very objectionable practice of admitting foundlings who were placed on the turn-table has been abandoned. We saw it seriously proposed the other day to introduce this custom in London by a religious community. But the intention has, we hope, been abandoned. It is not often that the author ventures upon the expression of any private opinion; but he speaks with great severity of the demoralizing and brutalizing effect of the horrid exhibition of dead bodies at the Morgue, and elsewhere he vigorously denounces the *claque* in a French theatre. The length of the magnificent, but insipidly monotonous, Rue de Rivoli, is given as two miles wanting eighty yards. The Jardin Mabille, and other like places, are very cautiously recommended. We observe that, when lady visitors are in doubt as to the propriety of any particular vaudeville, the editor advises them to take the advice of the landlady of their hotel, who (he says) is often "a tolerable theatrical critic." This, at any rate, is a safer course than to buy, as is elsewhere advised, a cheap copy of the play for previous reading. On the whole, the description of the various theatres, and the advice given about them, is sensible and good. We conclude our notice with a hearty commendation of this excellently compiled handbook.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

DR. STAHR has followed up his defence of Tiberius with an apology for Cleopatra.\* Our chief objection to this very clever and entertaining work is, that it is an apology. In the first place, none was wanted. *Quis vituperavit?* A vague accusation of treachery to Antony is, as Dr. Stahr himself points out, discountenanced by all good authorities. Cleopatra is a general favourite with the writers and readers of history; the accepted type of a character remote, indeed, from perfection, but redeeming its errors by a display of brilliant qualities to which these only serve as foils, and which could hardly have existed without them. The general judgment of posterity is condensed in Shakespeare's magnificent delineation, with which the Egyptian queen herself would hardly have quarrelled, and which Dr. Stahr seems quite willing to accept. Nevertheless, his work is conceived in the spirit of a vindication, and is a continual wrangle with Plutarch and other writers, whose language seems to give him constant offence, while he makes no serious attempt to impugn their conclusions. It is, fortunately, impossible to do so; to rob history of the traditional Cleopatra would be a desecration of which Dr. Stahr would be the last to be guilty. The cardinal error of his book probably arises from his partiality for Antony, whose need of an advocate is indeed more evident than Cleopatra's. We cannot concur with our author in imputing any especial malignity to the ancient historians in their dealings with the unfortunate competitor of Augustus, but they certainly do not conceal their opinion that he lost the empire of the world by his own fault, and Dr. Stahr's partiality only serves to set this fact in a clearer light. The leading features of the story are too boldly marked to be much affected by any rectification of minor details; and the narrow contentious spirit in which Dr. Stahr has attempted Antony's vindication has damaged his hero almost as much as his book. Much may no doubt be offered in extenuation of Antony's failings, but it is impossible to avoid regarding them with something of the same feeling which made them appear so despicable in the eyes of his contemporaries. The softness and profusion which well became the Egyptian queen were deformities in the Roman soldier. In adopting Oriental manners, Antony had voluntarily descended from the level on which he was born; his victory would have been the triumph of an uncouth barbarism over whatever of antique dignity and severity was yet left to the Roman world, the genius of Virgil and Horace would have found no encouragement, and the Oriental extravagance of the age of Elagabalus would have been anticipated by three centuries. The contest between him and Augustus was a conflict of principles, not, like many contests for empire in later ages, a strife between two pre-

tenders equally destitute of desert. With Dr. Stahr's prepossessions, it is of course impossible that he should render justice to the conqueror. The demerits of his delineation are, however, purely negative. He faithfully exhibits the selfishness, the bad faith, the cool subtlety of Augustus, and ably contrasts these with the opposite characteristics of Antony; but he fails to render justice to the serene enthusiasm with which the consciousness of representing the spirit of Roman civilization inspired a breast naturally devoted to self, leaving fortitude and magnanimity where it had found cruelty and fear. The prosperity which intoxicated Cæsar and Napoleon only enriched the originally barren bosom of Augustus. Could Dr. Stahr but have conceived the same interest in him as in his rival, this book would have been nearly perfect. As it is, it is a most spirited and readable biography—admirably arranged, clear, condensed, graphic, keeping the attention continually awake without resort to rhetorical devices, and, as a narrative, exemplary in its steady advance and rejection of everything superfluous.

Flügel's *History of the Arabs*, which has long enjoyed the reputation of a standard work, reappears as the first volume of an historical series to be published by Baensch, at Leipzig. The author claims to have augmented this edition by a third, and states that he would have done much more had the convenience of the publisher permitted.

Professor Hilgenfeld is a theologian of Baur's school, whose contributions to biblical criticism have been voluminous. He has now found an interesting subject for investigation in the Gnostic Bardesanes†, one of those restless, rationalizing, speculative thinkers who, in the first centuries of our era, when theological opinion was yet fluid and unsettled, aimed at the formation of an eclectic system, fragments of which, like the remains of animals preserved in ice, may still be laboriously extracted from the mass of dogma that has congealed around it. Bardesanes is especially interesting on two accounts—as an ornament of the court of Edessa, the first Christian kingdom in the world, and as the father of Syriac poetry. He was born, according to the best authorities, in A.D. 154, and flourished till the time of Elagabalus. He was a courtier and a man of wealth, as his theological adversary, Ephraem Syrus, signifies by intimating that "the devil adorned him with caftans and beryls." As a poet, his fame rested upon the 150 psalms which, in imitation of David, he composed for the edification of his countrymen. The popularity of this work was immense, and when Ephraem subsequently replaced it by another more agreeable to sound doctrine, he was compelled to associate his orthodoxy with the heretical tunes to which the musical genius of his antagonist had given birth. There is here a singular parallel with Arius, also a popular poet, and whose opinions owed much of their prevalence to the melodious fascinations of his *Thalia*. None of Bardesanes' psalms are preserved, and we only know that his metrical system was entirely of his own invention, and was based upon accent instead of quantity. Nor are any of his prose writings extant; a dialogue under his name, fragments of which have been preserved by Eusebius, being undoubtedly spurious, and chiefly derived from the Recognitions of the Pseudo-Clement.

When an author understands himself, there is always a possibility that he may be understood by others. We can just comprehend enough of G. Mehring's work on the *Philosophy of Religion*‡ to be sure that it is intended to convey a meaning of some sort, and really wears to the uninitiated neither more nor less of the appearance of hopeless jargon than many a volume of Clark's Theological Library. We consequently record it for the benefit of the divers after potential pearls in unfathomable profundities, and pass on to mention a liturgical treatise §, addressed to a limited body of readers, but at any rate intelligible as well as erudite.

Dr. Hefele, the distinguished historian of Ecclesiastical Councils, has prepared a volume of very agreeable and instructive reading in the shape of a selection from his numerous detached essays in periodicals.¶ Some of them are critical, as those on Tertullian and Athenagoras; others are designed to clear up obscure and controverted matters, such as the introduction of celibacy among the clergy; some are historical, and two of the most interesting are devoted to the Russian and the Greek Churches. Another volume is to follow, which will chiefly relate to ecclesiastical archaeology and liturgies. All that we have here is very pleasant reading, and highly satisfactory as the work of one evidently master of his subject, and fortunately obliged to be brief.

Herr Clarus's history of the persecution of the Protestants at Salzburg|| would have greatly benefited by making its first appearance under similar conditions. It is the matter for an agreeable essay swollen into a thick volume, and rendered wholly unreadable by the process.

\* *Geschichte der Araber, bis auf den Sturz des Chalifats von Bagdad*. Von Gustav Flügel. Leipzig: Baensch. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Bardesanes, der Letzte Gnostiker*. Von A. Hilgenfeld. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Philosophisch-kritischen Grundrätze der Selbstveraussetzung, oder die Religions-Philosophie*. Von G. Mehring. Stuttgart: Bels. London: Nutt.

§ *Die Epiklesis der griechischen und orientalischen Liturgien, und der römischen Consecrations-Kanon*. Von Dr. L. A. Hoppe. Schaffhausen: Hurter. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Beiträge zur Kirchengeschichte, Archäologie und Liturgik*. Von Dr. G. J. Hefele. Bd. 1. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Nutt.

|| *Die Auswanderung der protestantisch gesinnten Salzburger in den Jahren 1731 und 1732*. Dargestellt von Ludwig Clarus. Innsbruck: Vereins-Buchhandlung. London: Williams & Norgate.

\* *Cleopatra*. Von Adolf Stahr. Berlin: Guttentag. London: Williams & Norgate.

The second part of Friedlaender's elaborate work on the manners and customs of the Romans \* is as interesting as the first, and richly deserves the honour of an English translation. The inquiry is prosecuted on so extensive a scale that the whole of this respectable-sized volume is occupied with the discussion of two subjects—Roman ideas of travel, and Roman public entertainments, theatrical and gladiatorial. Yet there is no appearance of prolixity, the ample materials being thoroughly digested and ably arranged, and all details flowing easily from a light and ready pen. The subjects are so treated as to embrace some collateral investigations of interest; for example, there is a very satisfactory disquisition on the controverted point of the degree in which the ancients were susceptible of the influences of scenery. A third volume is promised.

In this connexion we may notice a very good collection of aphorisms from the Roman writers †, which contains the quintessence of the national spirit in a brief compass. The sayings are for the most part eminently practical; sturdy common-sense is the most salient feature, and, next to it, the absence of speculative depth or subtlety. The approximation to English modes of thought is very striking; it is also remarkable how large a part of the collection is derived from Seneca. It is dedicated to the compiler's brother in a long and elegantly-written preface, introducing many interesting biographical details, and manifesting by its polished urbanity how thoroughly the editor (since deceased) had imbibed the spirit of the writings it had been the labour of his life to interpret.

Dr. Gustav Schwanitz ‡ is a remarkable example of the power of the ruling passion. He took Plato in his pocket to the Bernese Oberland, and sat down upon a peak to indite a commentary on the philosopher's Symposium. He had probably taken the precaution to propitiate the *genius loci*, for the pointed little disquisition has something of the clearness and buoyancy of mountain air. A formidable appendix of notes proves that he subsequently revised it in his library.

A brief dissertation on Spinoza § seems to emanate from a Jew, who cannot quite forgive his renowned countryman for his apostasy. It is of some importance from exploding some lingering myths respecting the philosopher's life, while it incidentally evinces that, with all Spinoza's endeavours after mathematical precision, neither his disciples nor his adversaries are agreed among themselves as to the real drift of his teaching.

Nobody but a German, we opine, would have written ten score pages upon two score ballads, and called them a *booklet*.|| Herr Grube means well, but he prosés fearfully. Rötcher's critique on Shakspeare's characters is also|| too heavy and prolix, but it contains much judicious criticism, and is a far more creditable attempt to commemorate the "Tercentenary" than any of our British endeavours in that line.

A series of German classics of the mediæval period is fitly introduced by Walther von der Vogelweide \*\*, and is intended to comprise the *Nibelungen Lied*, the *Gudrun*, the *Tristan*, the *Parzival*, and other similar works. The speciality of the new edition is one which should render it very acceptable to foreigners—the addition of copious explanatory notes. In the good old times, says the editor, the learned did not disdain to recognise the claims of the laity. They accompanied their editions of the ancient relics of German literature with useful commentaries, and the study of them prospered accordingly. Now that they are content with a mere reproduction of texts, the texts have ceased to be read by any but professional scholars, and all the hopes excited by the seeming revival of old German literature have been frustrated. This is common sense, and we believe that the announcement of Herr Pfeiffer's design will be good news to many Englishmen as well as Germans. Contempt for the uninitiated, and disregard for their convenience, are too frequent characteristics of the erudite class all over the world; it is therefore pleasing to find a scholar solely intent on plain and modest usefulness. The commentary seems perfectly adequate to the end in view, and the series promises to be characterized by cheapness and neatness.

Working regularly backwards from our own times, Julian Schmidt bids fair to write the whole history of German literature crab-fashion. His present volumes comprise the records of a century from Leibnitz to Lessing††, and, taken in connexion with his former well-known work, form a complete history of the most important period of German intellectual life. The book is distinguished by the same merits and defects as its predecessor. Schmidt is, in general, a very acute and sensible critic, but nothing more. His mind is richly stored, but not naturally rich;

it is too negative on one side, too merely utilitarian on the other, deficient in imagination and intellectual sympathy. Hence the author is much more successful in dealing with philosophers and critics than with writers endowed with the creative faculty. He lacks that touch of creative power which would have enabled him to combine the medley of materials before him into a consummate whole, and his works resemble gigantic pamphlets, or strings of reviews, rather than literary histories. It must be confessed that the subject he has now undertaken is peculiarly ungrateful, from its straggling character and the absence of prominent figures till we come to Klopstock, Wieland, and Lessing, the latter of whom is the author's hero and model. The account of the overthrow of the reigning French taste by him is highly interesting, and the work may be advantageously consulted for its copious notices of meritorious but little-known authors—the satirist Liscow, for example.

*Johannes Gutenberg*\*, by Paul Stein, is a rather favourable specimen of that peculiarly German style of romance which selects as its hero an author, artist, or philosopher. The attempt, however, to represent a man of this description as he lived and moved among his contemporaries, is almost inevitably a failure. We see him as they could not see him, and could not exchange eyes with them if we would. The accidents of social position and exterior incident have vanished, the inward man remains, but in a shape too purely the subject of intellectual cognition for the purpose of the novelist. The attempt to combine a literary or artistic with an historical portrait results in the production of something unlike either.

\* *Johannes Gutenberg*. Kultur-historischer Roman von Paul Stein. 3 vols. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Williams & Norgate.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

##### EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HALL.—To be

OPENED November 1, 1864, under the Direction of the Council.  
Chairman of the Council—WILLIAM STIRLING, Esq., of Keir, M.P.  
Warden—The Rev. D. F. SANDFORD, who will be assisted by competent Tutors.  
The Council has engaged Temporary Premises, at 11 Oxford Terrace, for a limited number of Students of the University, who will be provided with a Home and Tutorial assistance during the ensuing Session, on moderate terms.  
Applications for Admission to the Hall should be accompanied by information as to Moral Character of Applicant, and may be addressed to the Warden, or to the Secretary, Mr. W. J. MERRIES, 78 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, from whom all particulars may be obtained.

KING'S COLLEGE, London.—The Rev. ALEX. J. D. DORSEY, B.D., English Lecturer at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and Lecturer in Public Reading at King's College, London, will LECTURE and give Practical Instruction at King's College, every Monday and Saturday, beginning Saturday, October 22.

##### SCOTTISH HOSPITAL.—HALF-YEARLY ELECTION OF PENSIONERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an EXTRAORDINARY MEETING of this Corporation will be held in the Hall on Wednesday next, the 26th instant, for the purpose of Electing

Three Pensioners to the £25 Pension from a List of Five Candidates.  
One Pensioner to the £15 Pension from a List of Twenty-four Candidates.  
Eight Pensioners to the £10 Pension from a List of Sixty-four Candidates.  
Subscriptions of One Guinea and upwards, paid on or before the day of Election (Wednesday, October 26), entitle the Subscribers to Vote at the Election.  
Every Guinea subscribed entitles the Donor to Three Votes for the First Class, One Vote for the Second Class, and Eight Votes for the Third Class of Candidates.

N.B.—The Polling will begin at Twelve o'clock noon, and close at Two o'clock precisely.  
By Order, J. MACRAE MOIR, Secretary  
Scottish Corporation Hall, Crane Court, E.C.  
October 20, 1864.

BRIXTON HILL COLLEGE and COMMERCIAL SCHOOL,  
Surrey, &c. Principal—Dr. EDWARD T. WILSON, F.C.F. For Prospectuses, with Class Lists and full information, apply at the College.

##### HYDE PARK COLLEGE for LADIES, 115 Gloucester

Terrace, Hyde Park.—Classes under Signor Garcia, Mrs. Street, J. B. Chatterton, Esq., J. Benedict, Esq., F. Fraser, Esq., Louis Engel, Esq., Madame Louise Michon, Monsieur A. Roche, Dr. Heilmann, Mrs. Harrison, H. Warren, Esq., Cave Thomas, Esq., J. Radford, Esq., Geo. Macdonald, Esq., A. R. Ashwell, Esq., C. J. Plumptre, Esq., Signor Valletta, A. Chiosso, Esq., &c.

THE SENIOR TERM begins November 1.  
THE JUNIOR HALF-TERM November 2.  
Prospectuses containing Terms, &c., may be had on application.

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\* *Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms, in der Zeit von August bis zum Ausgang der Antonine*. Von L. Friedlaender. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Promptuarium Sententiarum ex veterum scriptorum Romanorum libris*. Congessit E. F. Wuestemann. Editio altera, curavit M. Seyffertus. Nordhuse: Foerstemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

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|| *Aesthetische Vorlesungen von A. W. Grube*. Bdch. I. Götthe's Elfen-laden und Schiller's Kitterromanzen. Iserlohn: Budeker. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Shakspeare in seinen höchsten Charaktergeboten enthüllt und entwickelt*. Von H. T. Rötcher. Dresden: Memhold. London: Williams & Norgate.

\*\* *Deutsche Classiker des Mittelalters*. Mit Wort- und Sacherklärungen herausgegeben von Franz Pfeiffer. Bd. I. Walther von der Vogelweide. Leipzig: Brockhaus.

†† *Geschichte des geistigen Lebens in Deutschland von Leibnitz bis auf Lessing's Tod*. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Williams & Norgate.